Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 24, 1962 / 25¢

RECORDINGS

THE STRANGE CASE OF "Calories Don't Count"

BY R. W. APPLE, JR.

PHILHARMONIC HALL: PROGRESS REPORT

By Irving Kol

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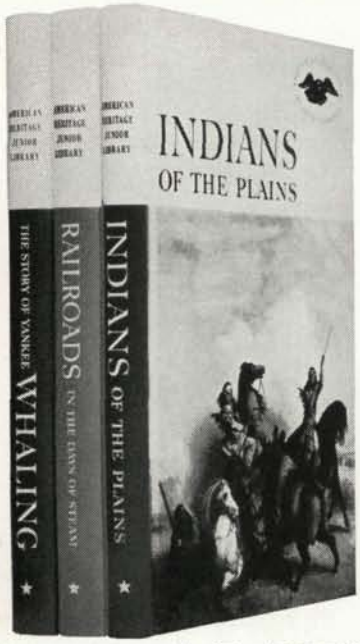

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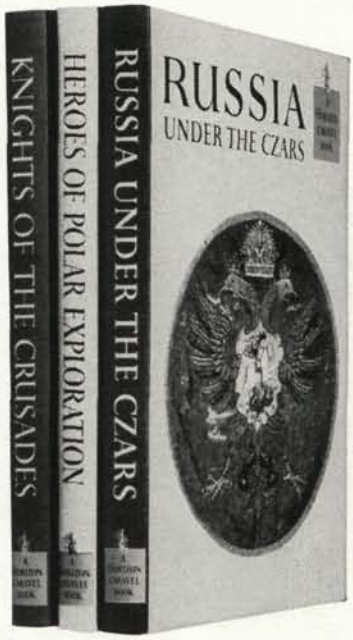

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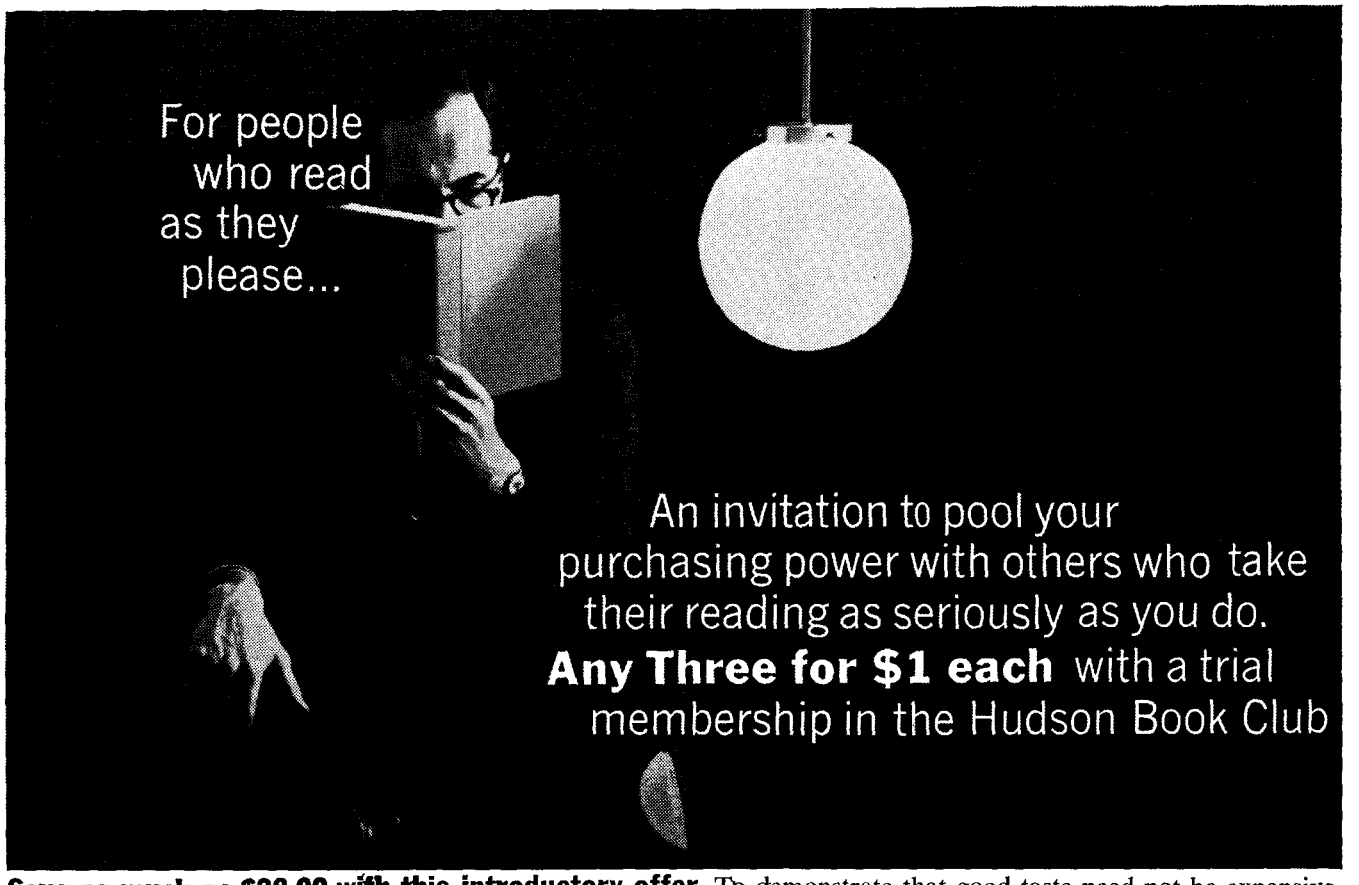
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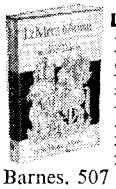

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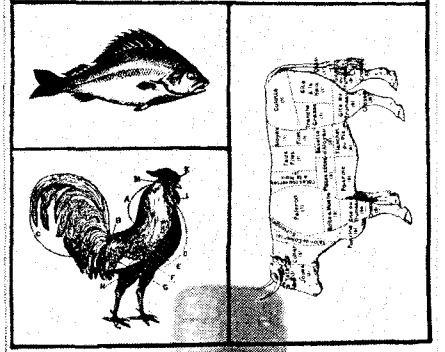

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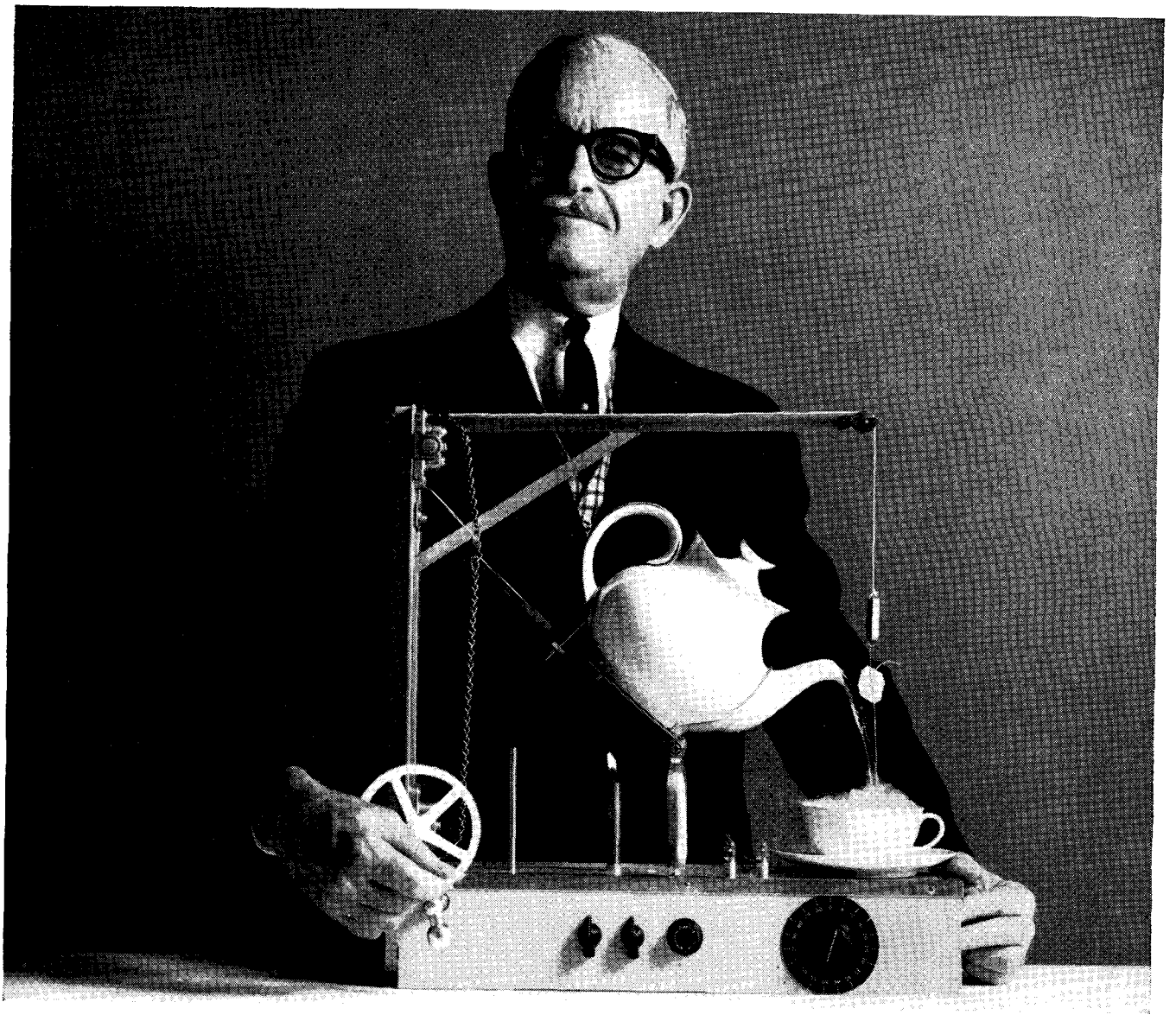

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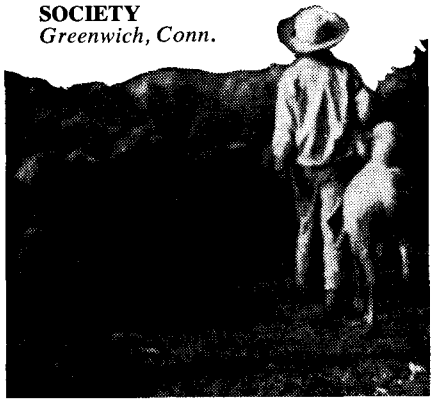

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SLIGHT EXERCISE
IN NECROLOGY
(Upon the occasion
of October 16, 1962)

Smiling the boy fell—
—as a doornail.
Old Man Mose is—
—eye Dick
Imperious Caesar comma—
—man's hand.
—ly nightshade.
Drop—
—drunk.
The old Gray Goose is—
—men tell no tales.
—as Kelsey's knuckles.
Only good Indian was—
The Giants is still

—H. ALLEN SMITH.

• • •

IGNATY

IGNATY was executed in the middle of June, 1919. At the beginning no one knew the details of his execution and no one cared; we all had our own troubles. But in a small town like ours rumors spread quickly; pretty soon we had the whole story, possibly embellished but rather comical. It was the only bright spot in our bleak and hungry year of 1919.

Ignaty was the doorman at the Emperor Alexander II High School for Boys. He was a veteran of the Russo-Japanese war. He had a magnificent beard, one of the finest in our ancient bewhiskered Orthodox community of Novgorod. It was seven inches long and five inches wide and it had an impressive partition in the center. He would have had a longer beard but for his war medals; a Russian with medals on his chest would never grow a beard long enough to cover them.

Every morning at 8:30 and every afternoon at 4:30 Ignaty stood at the main entrance opening the massive door —obsequiously for His Excellency the Director, courteously for Their Honors the ranking members of the faculty, with an air of condescension for the lesser teachers and the students.

Besides being the school's doorman Ignaty was also an informer, schools being notorious nests of rebellion and revolution. He reported to the Director on the political utterances of the members of the faculty and students, and he reported to the police on the political utterances of the Director, members of the faculty, and students.

Ignaty's information went to the Chief of Police; the Chief included it in his reports to the Governor; the Governor made use of it in his reports to the Minister in Petrograd.

The fall of the Czar was a blow to Ignaty. Like most informers, he considered himself a watchdog, not an underdog. One could tell by his beard that he was distressed; it went, so to speak, half-mast. His medals lost their luster, his existence its meaning. Fortunately, police departments are immune to changes. Some policemen may resign, some heads may roll, but the Fouchés survive all upheavals and serve all masters with equal faithfulness or faithlessness.

When the Bolsheviks came to power they appointed a new Director from among the younger and more radical teachers. Ignaty's status as a doorman was abolished as undignified; he was made "Custodian of the Entrance." His beard acquired the appearance and shape of good old pre-revolutionary days. Once again Ignaty became a police informer.

The Bolsheviks were in a great hurry. They were out to save the world in the shortest possible time and they had no need for niceties and amenities. Their slogan was "He who is not with us is against us"; they had too many enemies and not enough friends. Enemies had to be dealt with. Into being came the Extraordinary Committee to Combat Counter-Revolution and Sabotage, with branches in every community. The Committee was destined to achieve world-wide notoriety under the abbreviated name of *Cheka*.

Ignaty was a sensible man. He realized that his Czarist past was against him and that he, consequently, had to be the first to denounce others before others denounced him. He conceived a brilliant idea. He persuaded the Chief of the Novgorod *Cheka* to arrest him together with several people he had just denounced as counter-revolutionaries. Ignaty pointed out that his arrest would dispel any suspicion of his being an informer, and he could be released immediately after his victims had been executed. The Chief liked the idea, and Ignaty was rather pleased with himself.

Several weeks later they were all led to their execution—all including Ignaty himself. It was a mistake, but

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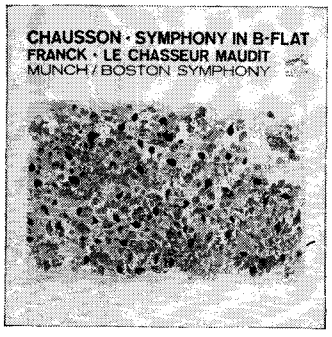

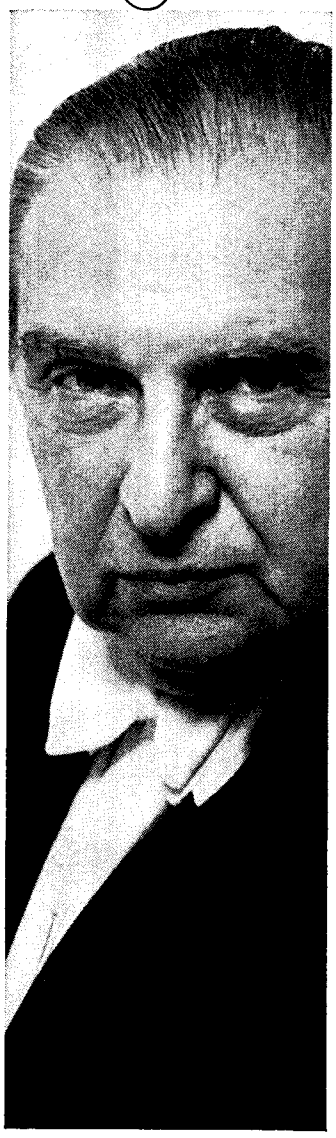

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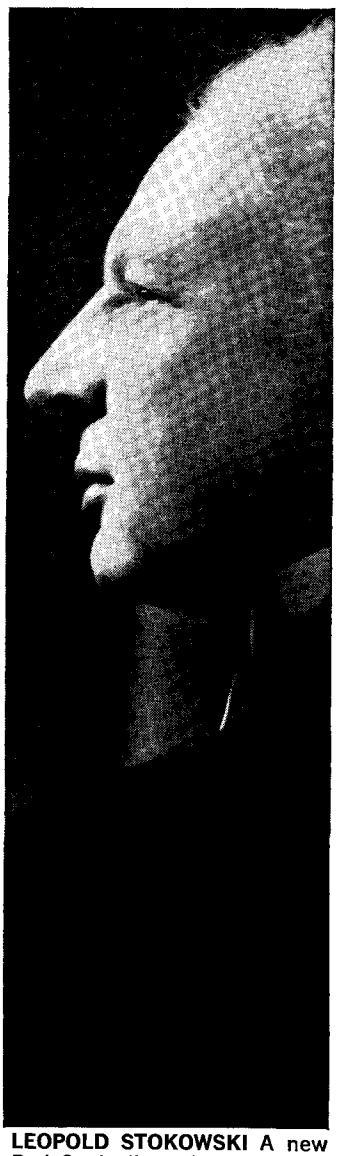

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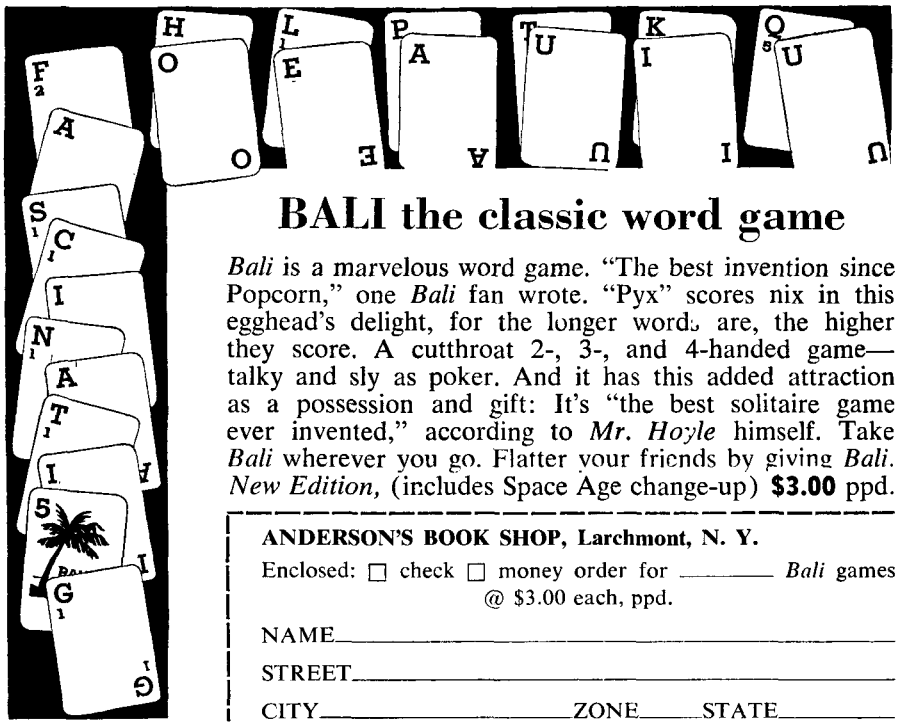

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in times of such tremendous upheavals mistakes are understandable and forgivable. Ignaty protested, pleaded, threatened, shouted, wept, screamed, but it was of no avail. Only the Chief of the *Cheka* knew of Ignaty's secre but he was out of town. No one in authority thought of postponing the execution until the Chief returned. Those things are not important enough.

When the Chief learned about Ignaty's end he laughed uproariously. "What a mistake," he guffawed, "what a mistake!"

It was hilarious. —M. K. Argus.

• • •

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NEXT to the Smith Brothers and the Wright Brothers, I have always considered the Parker Brothers —inventors and purveyors of Monopoly—about as 100 per cent American a pair of brothers as you could get.

You can imagine my shock when, in the midst of playing Flags of the United Nations, a new Parker Brothers game, I was dealt a card with a picture of a flag of the People's Republic of China.

In the first place the People's Republic of China is not *in* the United Nations. And in the second place, America doesn't even recognize the existence of the People's Republic of China. I was sure it was all a lithographical error. But as my eye roved the board (the idea of the game is to match the flags on the cards with the flags on the board) I detected the flag of—you guessed it—East Germany!

I thought of going directly to the House Un-American Activities Committee (without passing Go and without collecting my $200 Consultant's fee); but then I thought again and decided to read the game's instructions before proceeding further. This is what they say:

> With four exceptions all of the countries appearing on the board were members or prospective members of the United Nations as of (date of game). The four exceptions are the two German Republics . . . , Switzerland, and the Peoples Republic of China. These important land areas are essential to the play of this game.

I played the game to the end and, fortunately for Parker Brothers, these important land areas were as essential to the play of Flags as Boardwalk and Park Place are to the play of Monopoly. Parker Brothers, I was on the brink of concluding, are innocent . . . when my eye fell on yet another statement. This game, it said, is designed "for all ages." Maybe somebody has gotten to them after all.

—Victor S. Navasky.

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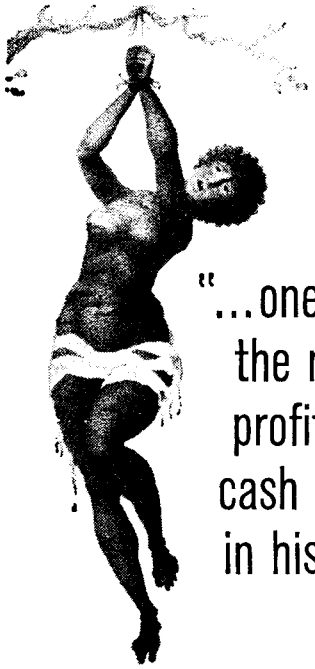

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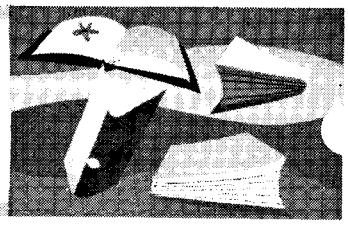
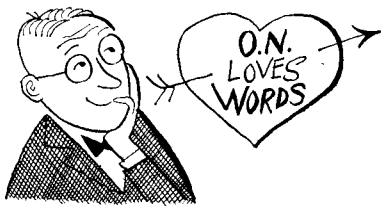


IF YOU WERE TO ASK Ogden Nash how he ever stumbled on the format of squeezing an almost uncountable number of metric feet into a single line of poetry, he would be frank enough to tell you that the style provided a marvelous cover-up for what he calls his half-baked literacy.

At lunch at the Algonquin, over a baby lamb stew and a noggin of ale, he told us: "I just stumbled on the idea when fooling around with light verse, and I suddenly discovered that



it gave me a chance to express my own ideas—which were not up to Plato or Santayana—in an inoffensive and unpretentious way. I've been in love with words all my life, and this particular style suddenly seemed to create an outlet for my own limited mentality."

Wearing a hound's tooth tweed jacket, Mr. Nash took a few more bites of his stew and went on. "When you get right down to it," he said, "I suppose all this is really a cover-up for my naked self. It's my own private Society for the Prevention of Embarrassment. And I think it enables me to communicate with the ordinary human being without sounding like an Eddie Guest. In other words, I've got myself off the hook, and I'm able to have the best of two worlds."

There are a great many Ogden Nash fans who will disagree with this modesty of his, especially when they read his new collection, "Everyone but Thee and Me," which is just now lighting up the poetry corners of bookstores across the country.

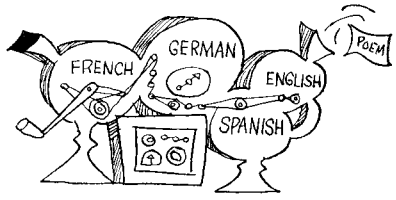
THE BEAUTY OF Nash's style lies in its capacity to fracture the sound barrier, but still maintain full respect for Newtonian physics. His apparent disengagement from poetic discipline is illusory; every line is hammered out in classical tradition. His scansion is perfect.

Mr. Nash prefers to think of his works as "comments in verse" rather than poetry. He feels that pure poetry should be reserved for expressing thoughts raised to heights that haven't otherwise been reached. On the other hand, he insists that his commentary make a statement of some kind, however minor.

ONE TEST of a classic in any category is whether it stands up under scrutiny in different times and places. With the help of Charles Berlitz and the Berlitz School of Languages, we put one of Ogden Nash's poems through the mill of three generations of translation just to see what might happen. Mr. Berlitz, an old Nash admirer himself, saw to it that the poem went first to a French translator, who put it into French. After that, it was translated back to English by another French translator, who passed the new English version on to a German translator. Here the process was repeated, with one German translator putting the poem into German, and a different translator putting it back into English again. The same steps were taken in Spanish, with step number six being the final translation from Spanish to English.

The poem was a simple and familar one to old Nashian followers:

I have a funny daddy
Who goes in and out with me
And everything that baby does
My daddy's sure to see,
And everything that baby says
My daddy's sure to tell.
You *must* have read my daddy's verse.
I hope he fries in hell.



THE FIRST English version to come out of the French translation stood up well:

I have an odd character for a papa,
Who enters and goes out with me;
And everything that baby does,
My father sees it surely;
And everything that baby says,
My father says it surely.
You must have read the poem of my father:
I hope he grills in Hell.

The translation from the German

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stood up well, too. The main change occurs in the last line: "I hope he is deep-frying in hell," which comes from the line in the German translation: *"Ich hoffe, er schmort in der Hölle."*

The final translation, from Spanish, remains almost as recognizable as the original—although no attempt was made to go beyond a literal translation at any step:

I have a father very full of occurrences,
Who accompanies me wherever I go,
And everything the little child does,
My father does not fail to see.
Everything the little child says,
My father will say the same thing himself.
You will have to be reading my father's poem.
I hope they cook him well in hell.

The Berlitz translators and Mr. Nash have reason to be happy about the whole thing. The former have shown themselves to have keen eyes and ears for idiom; the latter has received fresh evidence that his appeal is universal, in spite of his own misgivings.

OGDEN NASH'S VERSES are so sharp, brittle, witty, and lyrical that his capacity for serious social commentary sometimes is overlooked. In his new book, the poem "Is There an Oculist in the House?" does more to dramatize the urgent need for peace than a hundred declamations. It concludes:

Now at the daily boasts of "My retaliation can lick your retaliation" I am with apprehension stricken,
As one who watches two adolescent hot-rodders careening headlong toward each other, each determined to die rather than chicken.
Once again there is someone we don't see eye to eye with, and maybe I couldn't be dafter.
But I keep wondering if this time we couldn't settle our differences before a war instead of after.

If this is half-baked literacy, we need more of it. —JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1494)
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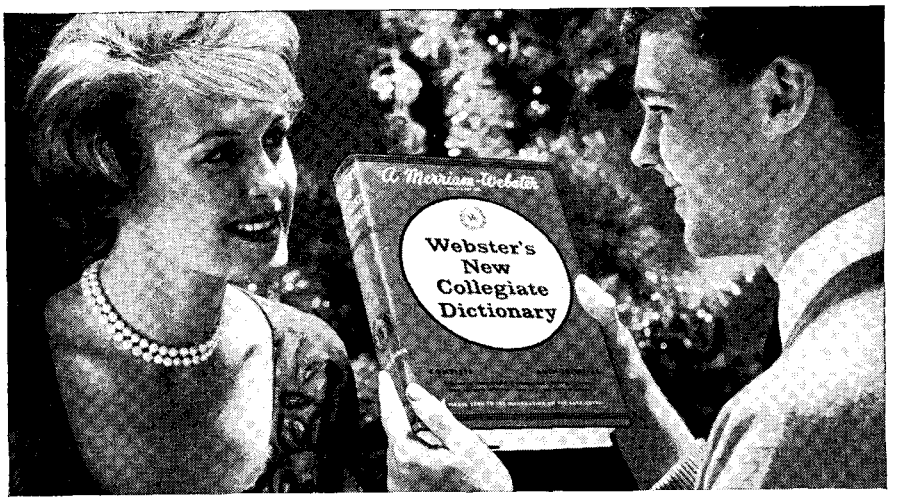
JUST ANOTHER WORD
(Suggested by Alfred J. Krahmer)

What appals me today is the inability of supposedly well-taught people to convey their meaning quickly and forcibly in language. Educational authorities are often just as bad as anybody else, . . . piling long words into long sentences in which the meaning is suffocated.



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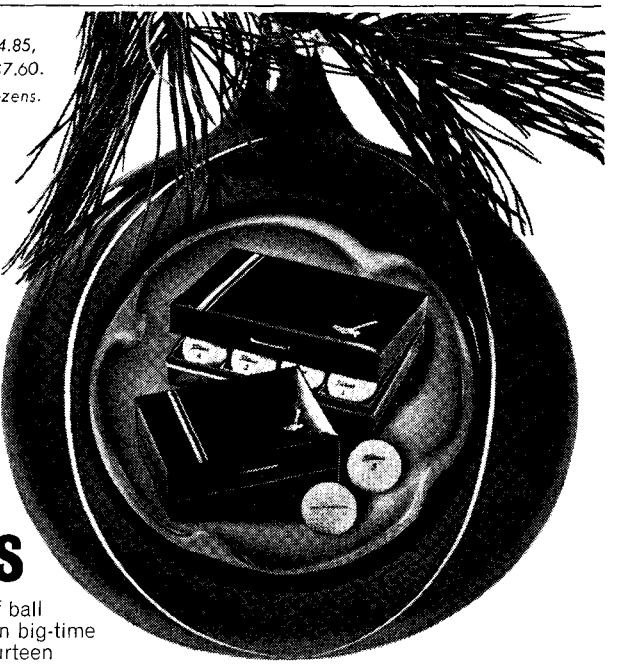

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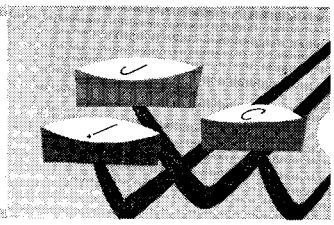

NOTES FROM A TRAVEL DIARY: THE LYRIC BATH: I had stayed in Sheraton hotels before, to be sure, but only in the Sheraton at Dallas did I notice that the embossed towels, when folded and hung in place on the towel rack, spell out the name of the muse of lyric poetry. Thus ERATO from SHERATON; and when shall the heart not be made glad by such glimpses of this world's possibilities? Reflected and re-reflected from the mirror to the glass doors of the shower stall, to which I had gone with no thought but of the day's grime, I found that eternal name floating at four points of the air, like compass headings, before all vanished in mists; and I came from the waters of such a presence, like Dante, made new again.

COST OF LIVING INDEX: At the magazine counter in Love Airport, Dallas, cigarettes now cost forty cents. Give the graph a few more years and someone will start crying that what Texas needs is a good five-cent cigarette.

THE JET AGE: NEXT TIME GO BY TRAIN: In Boston, a week before, I tried to get an airline—any airline—on the phone to find out when the last shuttle left, or what the night's last connection to New York would be. After three hours of trying to get a call through at fifteen-minute intervals, I gave up and took a sleeper.

Back in New York, as a sort of jet-age experiment, I canvassed the domestic airlines in phone-book order. I called nine of them in a row and in all cases got either a busy signal or a voice as abstract as a voice could be saying, "Blank Airlines. All lines are busy. Will you hold?"—and gone again without waiting for an answer. As the jets go faster and faster, the day may not be far off when it takes less time to fly there (wherever that is) than to phone the airline office.

In even-handed justice, I am happy to report that I picked up the phone in Dallas, called Continental, and had my flight reservation in less than two minutes. Then just to preserve the total balance of things, the flight was delayed an hour and a half.

BOYS AND BATHS: Back home I found all my happy disorders in place, and running in place; all hands grimy, all faces grinning through their smears. Moved by something like vestigial parenthood I commanded a round of baths and found myself in a particular palaver with Benn. As nearly as I can reproduce the conversation, it ran so:

"It's time, boy."
"For what?"
"You know what."
"What?"
"Your *bath*!"
"Do I have to?"
"You do"
"Why?"
"You want reasons?"
"Yes."
"How many?"
"This many."
"Five, eh?"
"Yes."
"All right. You count."
"And you'll say the reasons?"
"That's right. Ready?"
"One."
"Your hands."
"Two."
"Your face."
"Three."
"Your ears."
"Four."
"Your neck."
"Five."
"Your feet."
"What about them?"
"They're *dirty*."
"And I have to wash them?"
"You do."
"*All* of them?"
"All of them."
"But why do I have to take a bath?"
"Because your hands *and* your face *and* your ears *and* your neck *and* your feet are dirty."
"But why do I have to take a bath?"
"To wash them."
"But can't I just wash my hands *and* my face *and* my ears *and* my neck *and* my feet without taking a bath?"
"No."
"*Why*?"
"Because you'll need the bath to cool off in."
"But I'm not hot."
"Not yet. But I know part of you

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that's going to be hot unless you get started *right now*!"

"You mean my hands?"

"No."

"My face?"

"No."

"My ears?"

"No."

"My neck?"

"No."

"My feet?"

"No."

"Well, what?"

"Come here and I'll show you."

"Oh, oh! Sorry I haven't got time for you to show me right now, Dad. I have to go take a bath."

FIRST PUBLICATION: Somewhere between riots, Jonnel (John Lyle Pritchett Ciardi, hence John L., hence Jon'l hence Jonnel) had put together his version of a new (to me, that is) school exercise in which the kids are given a series of pictures and told to write a story about them. With nepotism as a first principle, I hereby publish "The Butcher," by John L. P. Ciardi, nine years old, if only as an example of the lucidity of the fantastic.

> A tall brown and white collie stood in front of a meat store on main street. He was looking in the window at the meat. Just then a tall man came out of the store. He had something behind his back. He then reached out and gave the bone to the dog. The dog walked away with the bone and buried it.
>
> The next day the collie was there again but so was another dog. The man went outside and saw two dogs. So he went into the store and brought out two bones.
>
> The dogs kept coming back everyday, each time one more dog. The butcher ran out of bones or he would be feeding the dogs till today.

As Pavlov said: "Consequence, sequence, consequence." It may be that world after all. Or was it "Sequence, consequence, sequence"? It may be that world, too. —JOHN CIARDI.

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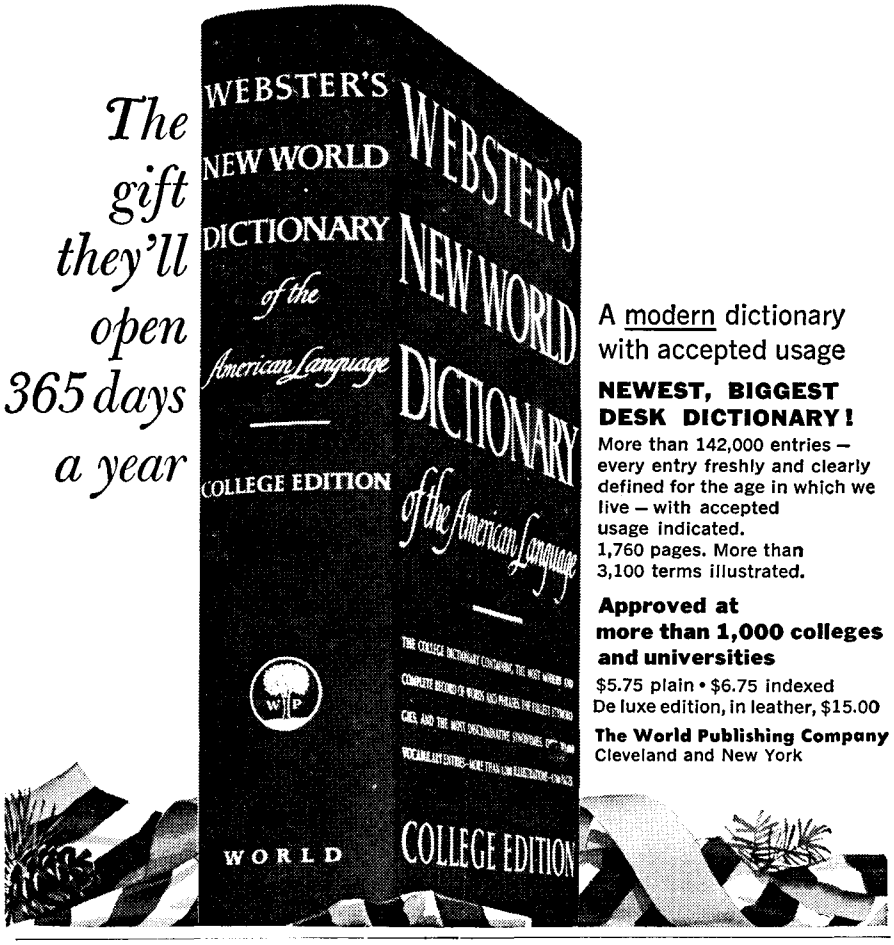

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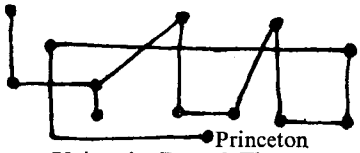

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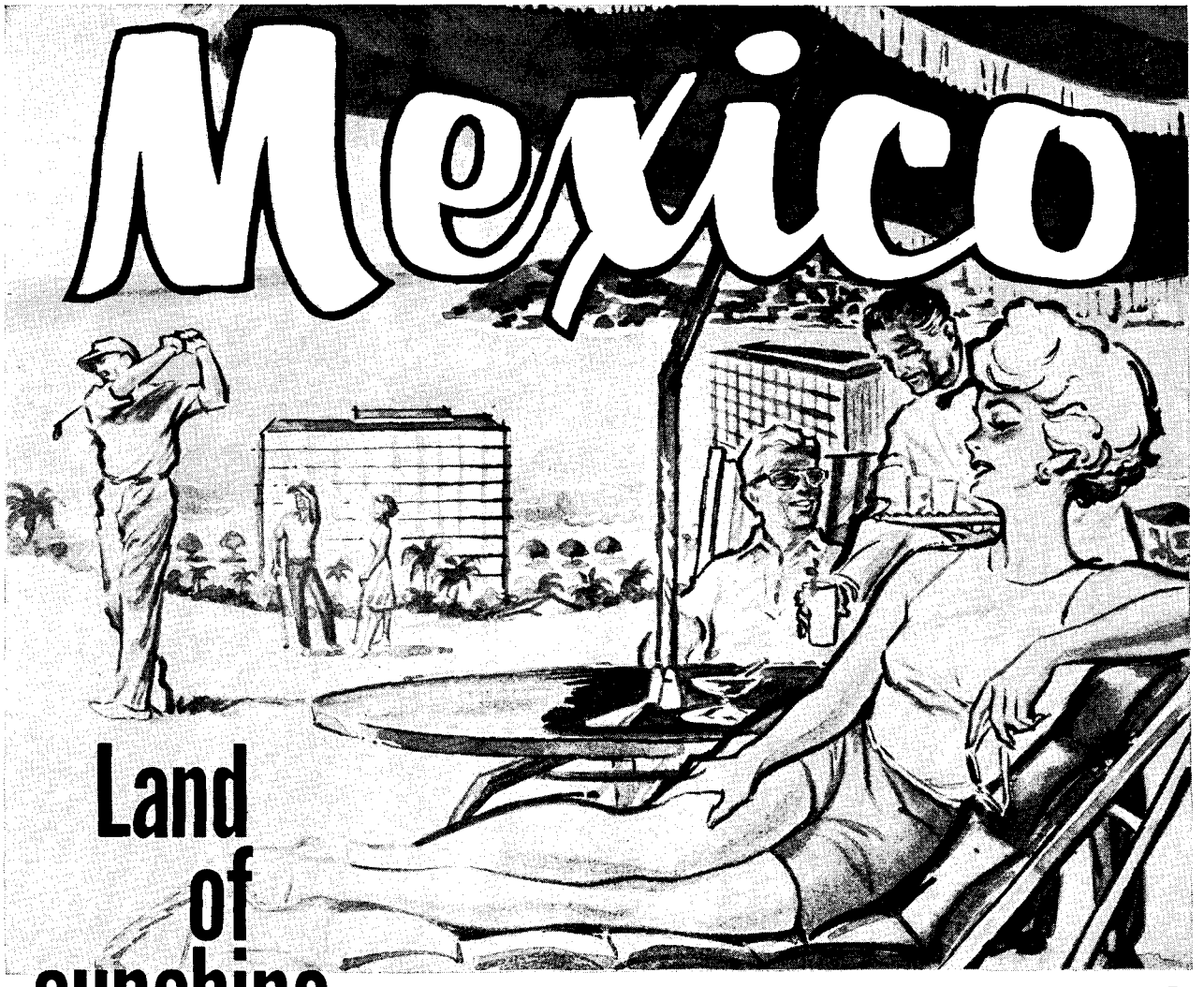

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The Strange Case of

"CALORIES DON'T COUNT"

No book in recent years has led to more charges of irresponsible and fraudulent publishing than "Calories Don't Count," by Herman Taller, which has sold well over 1,000,000 copies under the Simon and Schuster imprint. SR assigned R. W. Apple, Jr., now on the NBC news staff and formerly with the Wall Street Journal, to look into the background of the controversial best-seller, the people involved in it, and the charges made by government investigators.

By R. W. APPLE, JR.

SOMETIME late in 1959 or early in 1960—no one seems to recall the exact date—Herman Taller, M.D., F.A.C.O.G., F.I.C.S., met Richard Grossman, a vice president of Simon and Schuster, publishers, at the Concord Hotel in the Catskill Mountains. Taller, a darkly handsome man in his fifties, was an obstetrician and gynecologist on the staff of the Beth-El Hospital in Brooklyn. He told Grossman he had become interested in the problems of fat people, that he had done a great deal of original research on the subject, that he had discovered a new nutritional principle, and that he was writing a book about it. Would Essandess like to see it? After an on-the-spot testimonial from the comedian Buddy Hackett, who was staying in the hotel, Grossman said they would.

In March, 1960, Grossman sent a messenger to Taller's house to pick up the manuscript. Although not primarily an editor—his main job was to handle advertising and publicity for the Essandess list—Grossman read the manuscript, liked it, and sent it on to Peter Schwed, the firm's executive editor, who had handled several earlier diet books. Schwed read it, too. His report made several points, but the principal one was this: "Dr. Taller is not a popular writer . . . yet Dr. Taller's message unquestionably would have a big appeal for the obese if he could manage to put it over more convincingly, with more of a mail-order inspirational technique." That may have been the greatest understatement since Calvin Coolidge.

Unlike Grossman, Schwed knew enough about diets to know that Taller's doctrine ran counter to most of the accepted theories, and he said so. "It seems too good to be true and I can hardly believe it," he confessed. But believe it or not, he was inclined to think the manuscript might be a good thing for Simon and Schuster to publish. When I asked him, months later, whether he considered himself a medical expert, he said he did not, and he acknowledged that none of the firm's editors was. But, he added, Grossman had vouched for Taller's good name, and there was no reason to doubt Grossman's word. Grossman, as far as I know, had formed his impression solely on the basis of conversations with Taller and his patients and friends. At no time, Schwed said, did he consider sending the manuscript to an expert for evaluation; he thought it unlikely that any publishing house would have done so. (I asked four other publishers what they would have done in similar circumstances, and all four said they would have sought outside advice.)

The real problem, evidently, was to get the book into salable, promotable shape, not to question its validity. So Grossman approached Henry Lee, a rewrite man on the New York *Daily News*. But Taller had retained an agent, Herb Jaffe, who wanted his client, Roger Kahn, to do the job, Grossman acquiesced, and Kahn—a fluent free-lance writer with no particular knowledge of medicine—went to work.

Just after the first of January, 1961, Kahn submitted his version of the Taller manuscript. It was, by all accounts, a thing transformed. Taller's draft had been a jungle of medical jargon and disjointed sentences, but Kahn's was smooth, well-organized, hard-hitting—a model of the "mail-order inspirational style." It also had, for the first time, a title. Kahn called it "Calories Don't Count."

Schwed was jubilant. "I think this one is just about surefire," he wrote to Grossman. "The extraordinary thing about the diet is that it does make sense nutritionally. . . . Let's go to work and pull out all the stops!" Again, Schwed's verdict on the book's scientific validity had been buttressed by no expert witness; it was his alone. This despite the fact that Taller was writing about nutrition, an exceedingly complex subject in which he was without professional credentials.

The stops were pulled out. Dozens

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of ads were run. Into the mails went thousands of circulars, written in the hyperthyroid prose of the flack. "So remarkable are the results already reported by thousands of users of the plan," ran one pitch, "that we as publishers have no hesitation about making you this free trial offer. . . ." Some of the people who took this bait would have been surprised by the colloquy that later took place between a government attorney and Sam Myerson, the man responsible for the circulars.

Q. Did you have any reports of users of this plan showing successful results?

A. Yes, I did. . . .

Q. Are there thousands?

A. There may be. . . . I assumed there were thousands.

Q. But you don't know?

A. I'm not sure.

But Myerson's was small hyperbole indeed compared with that of the dust jacket. Anyone who has read the book (and I presume this includes whoever approved Kahn's seductive title) knows it ought not to be called "Calories Don't Count." Then there is a sentence that appears below the title, a sentence as irresistible to the plump as the apple was to Eve: "How you can eat 'almost everything' while you watch those extra inches disappear." I have been unable to find out what the quotation marks around "almost everything" mean, but I do know that on page 150 Taller absolutely forbids the faithful to eat any vegetables rich in carbohydrates; any fruits except avocados, muskmelons, or watermelons; any bread except gluten bread; any fruit juices at all; and any sugar, starch, cream, candy, ice cream, chocolate, cakes, cookies, or pastries.

It is a piece of equivocation worthy of those Broadway spirits who turn a review that says "This is the greatest disaster in forty years" into full-page ads that tactfully quote only the third and fourth words.

Schwed had praised the "brilliant ghosting job" done by Roger Kahn, but Kahn's manuscript did not reach the public without the contributions of yet another ghostly hand. As the time for publication drew near, Grossman went to Europe, leaving word with his assistant, Jill Kneerim, that a few changes were to be made in the book. Three pages were to be held open, he said; she should send the page proofs to Kenneth Beirn, executive vice president of the General Development Corporation, a Florida real estate promoter. He would make some changes and send the proofs back. Grossman later testified, under oath, that he had been asked to do this by Taller.

One of the key elements in Taller's diet is his emphasis on polyunsaturated fats, and in particular on safflower oil. When the proofs were returned to Essandess, they contained several references to safflower oil capsules (Taller had spoken only of liquid safflower oil). Also in the proofs was the statement that the capsules were available "through such mail-order sources as Cove Pharmaceuticals, New York."

THAT much is on the public record, although it has never become generally known. What has been missing, until now, was the story of what happened between the time Beirn got the proofs and Miss Kneerim got them back. In my interview with Beirn he told me that there was a meeting in the CDC offices, attended by Beirn, Milton Stone, an associate of Taller's, and Taller himself. Either Harry Bobley, the chairman of Cove, or Edward Bobley, its president, or both, were also there; Beirn said his memory was fuzzy on this point. Taller, according to Beirn, dictated the insertions, including the plug for Cove, and Beirn worked them into the text.

The Bobleys had entered the picture when they were approached by Beirn and Robert Bragarnick, a New York marketing consultant, with a proposition to make and market safflower oil capsules. Beirn and Bragarnick had known each other since the days when Beirn was working with Milton Biow in an advertising agency and Bragarnick was an advertising executive at Seagram's. They had heard of the book and thought someone could make money by selling safflower oil in capsules. When the Bobleys heard the proposition, they were convinced, and a subsidiary called CDC (Calories Don't Count) Corporation was organized to sell the new product. (There was another tie-in—Harry Bobley and Taller belonged to the same golf club on Long Island, and had met several times in the locker room.)

Miss Kneerim apparently did not know all of this, but she knew enough to have some misgivings about the situation. On July 22, she wrote to Grossman in Europe:

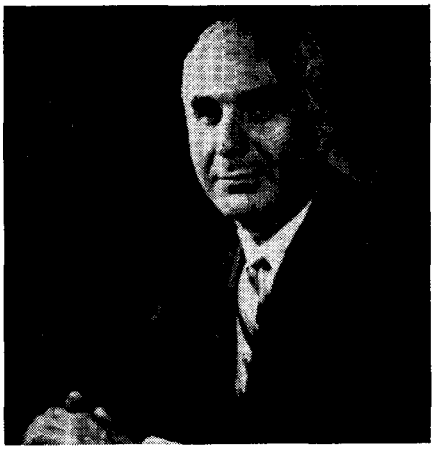
> We eventually came to the final solution of the capsule problem and I sent the stuff off to the printer. I wish I knew more about your commitment to Beirn, and his to you. Although the changes are few, and despite the fact that they are probably an asset in the book, it seems to me that this is still a big favor to do him, and I only hope he doubles your money. With great reluctance I slipped in the name of Cove Pharmaceuticals at the most inconspicuous place I could find in the given text. Now I'd like a tip from you on whether or not I should hound Beirn for investment advice to pass along here, or whether he is definitely going to offer it gratuitously at the proper moment.

Whether or not Beirn passed along the advice, the people at Simon and Schuster knew a hot property when they saw it. The Bobleys had been making a pitch to Essandess for a joint promotion, and, after the insertions had been made, they offered stock in CDC to Grossman and Jason Berger, another Essandess vice president not directly involved in the book. Both accepted, sending the Bobleys personal checks for $750 as down payments on blocks of five shares with a par value of $4,500 each. Later Grossman reconsidered and got his $750 back, but Berger sent $3,750 more to complete his purchase. Sam Myerson bought 100 common stock warrants in the parent company.

George Larrick, commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration, subsequently charged that unnamed executives of General Development, vice presidents of Simon and Schuster, and Taller all had financial interests in CDC. This apparently was an overstatement. Berger was the only vice president of Essandess who actually bought into CDC. Beirn admits he was a stockholder, but insists no one else in his company was. As for Taller, Grossman has said he understood that Taller was "involved" in the organization of the company, and Berger says he thinks Taller's name was on a stockholders' list he saw.

Larrick's statement also contained the comment that "one of the main purposes of the book was to promote the sales" of CDC capsules. My impression—and it is only an impression—is that selling capsules was an afterthought as far as Taller was concerned.

Essandess does seem open to criticism, however, for the casual way in which it allowed the modifications to be made. No one except Miss Kneerim appears to have been troubled by the flagrant Cove Pharmaceutical plug, and



Herman Taller, author of "Calories"—"complete faith" in his theories.

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no one at all checked to see whether the insertions were accurate. As it turned out, they were not. "In all," Taller says in the book, "you should take three ounces of highly unsaturated vegetable oil and eat two ounces of margarine every day." On the next page is one of the insertions: "The easiest routine is to take at least two capsules before each meal." But each CDC capsule contained only one gram of safflower oil, which would mean that the patient, to get the recommended three ounces, would have to take not two capsules before each meal—a total of six a day—but twenty-eight capsules before each meal—a total of eighty-four a day. The work involved in getting down that many capsules would be exercise enough to melt away pounds *without* a diet.

Simon and Schuster had submitted the book to no experts before publication, so there were no blurbs on the jacket. Had the firm chosen a representative group of nutritional scientists as critics, as things turned out, it would have gotten nothing blurb-worthy anyway. The Taller thesis and his presentation of it were condemned by virtually every expert with a test tube to call his own.

Dr. Charles King, executive director of the Nutrition Foundation, Professor Emeritus of Chemistry at Columbia, and the man who isolated Vitamin C: "The book is full of foolishness. The title is categorically untrue. The diet is not conducive to good health."

Dr. Fredrick J. Stare, chairman of the Department of Nutrition in the School of Public Health at Harvard: "There is hardly a word of sense in the whole book. Simon and Schuster has tarnished its reputation by the publication of such dross."

Dr. Edward H. Ahrens, Jr., of the Rockefeller Institute, a leading authority on fat metabolism: "I know of not a single scientist in the field who would take this theory seriously."

TALLER's theory is that chemical deficiencies in the bodies of some people make it difficult if not impossible for them to turn carbohydrates into energy, that the excess carbohydrates are deposited as fat, but that a diet rich in certain fats will solve the problem. He therefore proposes a regimen of 65 per cent fat, 30 per cent protein, 5 per cent carbohydrates. This, he promises, will not only keep the obese person from building up more fatty tissue, but it will enable him to burn up the excess he already has. Counting calories, in other words, will not alone bring your weight down. (Although, even in the cockeyed world of biochemistry by Taller, carbohydrate calories are severely restricted.) What you must do is

Peter Schwed of Simon & Schuster—It seemed too good to be true.

Richard Grossman of S&S—Vouched for Dr. Taller's good name.

eat lots of fat, two-thirds of it polyunsaturated.

All of this is presented in a most seductive way. The text is full of qualifications—"Before putting my principle into practice for yourself, you may want to visit your personal physician. . . ." Quite obviously, the purpose of these is to convince the reader that this is a man of science, conservative and cautious, and that his book is quite different from those written by quacks. But the *important* points are never qualified. No scientist, for example, would ever write about a frankly experimental diet: "This principle works because chemistry works. It *cannot fail* to work."

Dr. Stare and his friends, no doubt, were immediately put off by such evangelism. But their contempt for the book was not based solely, or even primarily, on that. They were irked by the absence of a control group in the experiments—that is, a group on a conventional low-calorie diet, to be used as a standard against which to measure the Taller patients. It appears, in fact, that Taller's experiments were almost without scientific controls of any sort. He was forced to concede, long after the book was out, that he had no way of knowing whether the people he treated ate what he told them to. That alone would be enough to get his research laughed out of any laboratory.

The professional nutritionists, page by page and almost paragraph by paragraph, poked holes in "Calories Don't Count." To Taller's argument that the low protein content of his diet endangers no one, because the Chinese subsist on eleven calories of protein a day, Dr. Stare replied: "Preposterous. That would scarcely keep a small dog alive." To Taller's contention that people in civilizations that eat mostly carbohydrates are always fat, a New York biochemist responded: "How about the Japanese?" To Taller's claim that his regimen will cause fatty tissue to be passed off in the urine, Dr. King said: "That sounds like something out of science fiction." And so on.

Perhaps the most blatant errors in the book are misquotations, and of these the worst is a purported quotation from Dr. Stare himself. It begins reasonably enough, with a statement that there is no real cure for overweight (although I can't help wondering why Taller allowed *that* to get into print, since he himself was proposing a cure). But then it veers off into a list of diseases that may be caused by crash dieting. One of them is rheumatic fever—a bacterial infection. When Dr. Stare saw this—an error that would do no credit to a first-year medical student—he knew there was something wrong with the quotation. On checking, he discovered that the first part was a misquotation from a magazine article he had written; the second part was an outright fabrication.

He wrote to Essandess, demanding an explanation. Selig Levitan, the firm's counsel, replied that the reference would be dropped, and said he was trying to discover how the error had occurred. Two months later, another letter from Levitan—and an admission that Simon and Schuster was unable to find out what had happened. The firm had not preserved the drafts and galleys which preceded the book. "It has never previously encountered a situation," the lawyer wrote, "in which a reference to such material was necessary after publication." Which must make Simon and Schuster's the most error-free list since the Egyptians first used papyrus.

If "Calories Don't Count" got a hostile reception from the professionals, the amateurs loved it. It sold as if its title were "Gone with the Weight." Schwed had guessed that sales might reach 250,000 in the first year; they reached 1,100,000. (For a book, that figure is staggering. "The Making of a President," by contrast, has sold only 145,000; "Advise and

(*Continued on page* 42)

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A Long Way from Eden

By GRANVILLE HICKS

CHAD WALSH, in "**From Utopia to Nightmare**" (Harper & Row, $4), has concocted a word that may prove handy—"dystopia," an equivalent for a rather awkward term, "anti-utopia." "Utopia," of course, means "no place," but it has always carried a hint of "eutopia" or "good place." "Dystopia" means "bad place." As Walsh suggests, contemporary writers tend to see the future as a bad place rather than a good one.

A decade ago Glenn Negley and J. Max Patrick published "The Quest for Utopia," a series of extracts from and comments on a wide variety of utopian writings, ancient and modern. Walsh, who pays tribute to the book, does not seek to duplicate it. His study is analytical and argumentative rather than comprehensive.

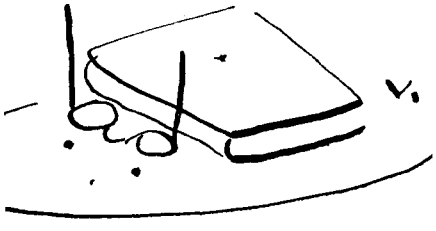
Walsh begins with a quick survey of utopian thinking from Plato and Sir Thomas More to Edward Bellamy and H. G. Wells. At the end of this survey he confesses that he has mixed feelings about utopia as it appears in the works he has been discussing: sometimes, he says, utopia sounds very attractive indeed, but, when he is in a different mood, he may be bored by the very idea. This ambivalence is not peculiar to him: H. G. Wells, who seems almost the quintessential utopian, wrote dystopias, and Aldous Huxley, who wrote the classical dystopia, has recently written "Island," a utopia of sorts.

At any rate Walsh is ambivalent enough to do justice to the dystopias, which are his principal theme. He writes about a short story by Evelyn Waugh, "Love Among the Ruins," and one by E. M. Forster, "The Machine Stops." He touches on the strange and hysterical works of Ayn Rand, and he mentions a little-known but, it seems today as we face the problem of automation, prophetic book, "Player Piano," by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

His first major dystopia is Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World," which he analyzes at length, as certainly he should. Huxley aimed no glancing blow; he struck directly at the very concept of utopia. As epigraph he quoted from Nicholas Berdiaeff: "Utopias seem much more realizable than we used to think. The agonizing question now is: How can we avoid their realization?" In 1932, when the Depression was at its deepest, that seemed impudent nonsense. For Huxley to be worrying about the right to suffer at that particular time was, I then felt, an unpardonable affront to the millions who were in misery. On that score I was right, but, in reviewing "Brave New World Revisited" (*SR*, Nov. 15, 1958), I had to admit that Huxley had read some significant signs of the future.

After talking about Zamiatin's "We," which sounds like an interesting book, Walsh comes to the second great English dystopia, George Orwell's "1984." Orwell had little of Huxley's wit, but he wrote out of deep feeling. He had watched the development of police states in Germany and Russia, and had observed with equal anguish the kinds of pressure to which people were subjected in the so-called democracies. He knew the cruelty and hypocrisy and lust for power, as well as the cowardice and confusion, of which human beings are capable. Huxley argued in "Brave New World Revisited" that his nightmare was more likely to be realized than Orwell's because it is easier to dope people into conformity than to beat them. The world we see around us, however, seems closer to Orwell's future than to Huxley's.

The question Walsh raises is why we have dystopias today instead of utopias, and the explanations he offers are sound. On the one hand, he points out, many of the aims of the utopians have been realized, but new problems have arisen: the old kind of slavery has pretty well been abolished, but we have labor camps; women have been emancipated, but the wise use of freedom proves difficult; science flourishes, giving us the nuclear bomb and the population explosion along with so much that we cherish; some of the fruits of universal literacy may be seen on any newsstand. The welfare state has arrived, and, though Walsh in general approves, he sees that it "does not glow with the unearthly radiance of utopia."



We are disillusioned with as much of utopia as we have achieved, and, at the same time, other utopian goals—democracy, individual freedom, and peace—seem more elusive than ever. Furthermore, Walsh observes, we listen more and more attentively to psychology, especially the Freudian brand, which emphasizes the fragility of civilization. We can no longer believe in inevitable progress, and it is no wonder that so many people are eager to warn us against the dangers of the future instead of dwelling on some dream of perfection.

Indeed, Walsh makes such a good case for the dystopias that the reader is startled when he does an about-face. "I reach this point with a guilty conscience," he says. "Despite anything I may have said I am convinced that if the utopian dream dies, something profoundly human and perhaps profoundly Christian dies with it." We must pay attention to the dystopias, he insists, but we need the utopias, too. He would agree with David Riesman, who has written, "A revival of the tradition of utopian thinking seems to me one of the most important intellectual tasks of today."

I once wrote a utopian novel, in collaboration with Richard M. Bennett, "The First to Awaken," which appeared in 1940, just at the time of the fall of France, and seemed spectacularly irrelevant. It was a pretty moderate kind of utopia, devoted to the thesis that we ought to do as much as possible to cure the remediable evils, while granting that perfection was beyond us. As utopias go, it wasn't, if I may say so, a wholly bad book.

Today I couldn't conceive of making even so hesitant and tentative an excursion into utopia. When the danger of nuclear war has been eliminated, I tell myself; when the population problem has been solved, when the backward nations are not quite so backward, when we no longer have to worry about fallout and pesticides and detergents, then we might again begin to think about utopia. When I was writing "The First to Awaken," Malcolm Cowley said to me, "The only kind of utopia I'm interested in is one in which I can make love and fish and read a good book all at the same time." A richer life is, I suppose, what we all want, and perhaps some day, when the survival of civilization is assured, men can dream about ways in which that can be achieved. But in the meanwhile—and it's likely to be a long meanwhile—both utopias and dystopias seem to me frivolous. If we can summon up enough fortitude and wisdom to cope with the problems that are facing us at this moment, we can let the future take care of itself.

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A Farewell to Atomic Arms

"Studies of War: Nuclear and Conventional," by P. M. S. Blackett *(Hill & Wang. 242 pp. $3.95), contends that the West should concentrate on building up its land forces instead of on atomic bombs. Formerly Secretary for Air, Arthur Henderson is chairman of the United Nations Group in Parliament and vice president of the Parliamentary Group for World Government.*

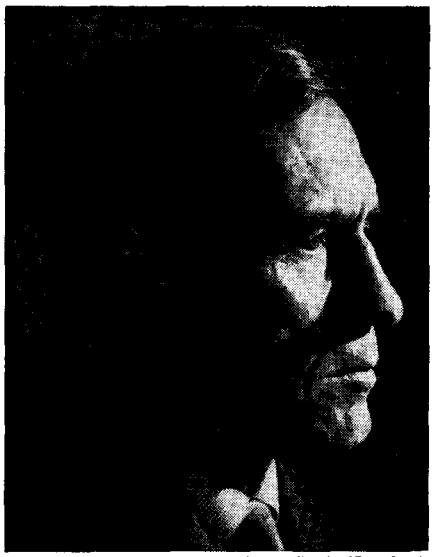
By ARTHUR HENDERSON

PROFESSOR BLACKETT's book constitutes a lucid and penetrating analysis of the problems of war and defense in the nuclear age. He examines in detail the various military concepts that have developed during the past decade, and rejects both the theory of preventive war and of limited war with tactical atomic weapons.

He points out that advocacy of a preventive war is only valid if it is accepted that "a clash between East and West is inevitable; or that the Soviet system and capitalism cannot exist side by side." But it is equally maintainable that a clash between East and West is not inevitable. As he writes, "On this view the building up of defensive armaments by the West remains a reasonable objective, whereas the attempt to build up offensive armaments for preventive war is highly unreasonable." In any case, it is evident that a preventive war against the Soviet Union would risk tens of millions of Western lives, whatever the cost to the other side.

Professor Blackett is equally convincing in his criticism of the concept of limited war by tactical atomic weapons. He points out that it is by no means certain that if tactical atomic weapons were used by both sides, in Europe, they would favor the West. Moreover, there could be no guarantee that the war could be kept limited; and, he argues, "the initiation by the West of tactical nuclear war might either hasten military defeat or lead to destruction of Europe by H-bombs—or both." He concludes, therefore, that "it is on the whole unlikely that Britain or America would, in fact, initiate the use of tactical nuclear weapons if a limited war broke out in Europe."

This conclusion may be sound up to a point; but I do not think one can assume that what may start as a limited war might not involve at some stage the use of tactical nuclear weapons if the war was not brought to an end by a speedy settlement. Any war in Europe between East and West would be a grave potential danger, since there would be no guarantee that it might not develop into an all-out nuclear war. That possible calamity is perhaps the main deterrent to a head-on collision.



—Lotte Meitner-Graf (London).

P. M. S. Blackett—"The West has been guilty of a serious military blunder."

Professor Blackett agrees that the existence of the H-bomb constitutes a powerful deterrent to the outbreak of a major war, but he contends that the West has been guilty of a serious military blunder in neglecting adequate preparation for land warfare because of the mistaken view that atomic weapons would do instead. He suggests that the only sensible military policy for the West would be to attempt, as soon as possible, to equate their land forces with the Soviet land forces in Europe and to provide the equipment and training for land war, both with or without tactical atomic weapons.

Moreover, he would accompany this policy by a declaration that NATO would in no circumstances initiate the use of tactical nuclear weapons, though it would use them if the Soviet forces did. Professor Blackett's views on the need to strengthen NATO's conventional forces are undoubtedly shared by many leading military authorities in this country and abroad.

The author is in favor of what is called the "Non-Nuclear Club," of which Britain herself should become a member. The United States and the Soviet Union would then be the only countries possessing atomic weapons, and they would be expected to provide a guarantee that such weapons would not be supplied by them to any other country. He adduces strong arguments in support of this proposal if the danger of the spread of nuclear weapons to other countries is to be eliminated. In this connection it is interesting to remember President Kennedy's famous broadcast to the American nation on October 22, in which he stated, "We have in the past made strenuous attempts to prevent the spread of nuclear weapons."

But, as Professor Blackett realizes, the ultimate guarantee of national security must involve the achievement of world disarmament and the prevention of war. So long as weapons of mass destruction exist, so long will there be the danger of their use. Fear and suspicion are the real obstacles blocking the road to disarmament.

However hatred of war—nuclear or conventional—is not in itself sufficient. The concept of a World Commonwealth of Nations in an unarmed world may seem remote to many people, but it remains the only alternative to the present arms race. The future of mankind—and, indeed, its very existence—depend on its achievement.

Of course, there will be risks. But, as President Kennedy recently stated, "The risks inherent in disarmament pale in comparison to the risks inherent in an unlimited arms race."

SIGNPOSTS TO PEACE: The twelve contributors to **"Breakthrough to Peace"** (New Directions, $1.95) have rendered signal service to the cause of world peace. It is impossible not to be deeply moved and influenced by the high idealism that characterizes these twelve essays. But the writers are not only moved by idealism; they are guided by reason, and their readers, whether they are in agreement or not, will find plenty of well-thought-out argument worthy of their consideration.

The essays emphasize that the ultimate security of man's freedom and independence rests, not on the possession of nuclear weapons, but on the moral and spiritual values of life. Such emphasis is timely. In these materialistic days it is often overlooked that moral and spiritual values constitute the infrastructure of genuine democracy, freedom of thought, and freedom of political action.

The book also postulates that the maintenance of world peace does not

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depend on hatred of war but on conscious efforts to create a world society. Too many experts are engaged in futile discussions as to whether war can be kept within safe limits—limited war, as it is called—instead of concentrating their efforts on discussing and developing the *means of preventing* war and keeping the peace. These problems are not ignored in "Breakthrough to Peace," and the writers seek to focus men's minds on the responsibilities that must be accepted if we are to build a world society free from the threat of war and mutual destruction.

Thus Norman Cousins writes: "The time to make a stand is now—not later. The answer to a nuclear war is a genuine peace." He goes on to point out the way: "Let us make the United Nations into a shelter, broad enough and deep enough to sustain an enforced peace under law."

And Gordon C. Zahn states, "Some alternative to war must be sought." Jerome D. Frank draws attention to the pregnant words of the 1959 Pugwash Conference of Scientists: "No ban of a single weapon, no agreement that leaves the threat of war in existence, can protect mankind sufficiently."

IT IS such expressed ideas that constitute the signposts to world peace—to the paths that must be followed steadfastly if we are to achieve the elimination of war as an instrument of national policy.

It is to be hoped that "Breakthrough to Peace" will be widely read on both sides of the Iron Curtain. —A. H.

Merry Andrew

By Gene Frumkin

ANDREW lives by appointment only
scholar of birds and Roman togas
Two daughters are in school

one engaged to some Greek letters
He is their Miami Beach
and sometimes Stars & Stripes

to his wife
He belongs to a good saloon
and to his college bombshelter

and walks on the golden sidewalk
giving a drop of his bank
to win or wine any man's blood

Of his former tenant in Cuba
Andrew has no memory or picture
though he once collected the rent

THESPIAN WORLDS

To Gild the Silver Screen

"Hollywood in Transition," by Richard Dyer MacCann *(Houghton Mifflin. 208 pp. $3.75), and* ***"The Dreams and the Dreamers," by Hollis Alpert*** *(Macmillan. 258 pp. $4.95), take pessimistic and optimistic views respectively of the U.S. film industry. Arthur Marx is the author of numerous magazine articles about the movie colony, as well as several books, among them, "Not as a Crocodile."*

By ARTHUR MARX

IN "Hollywood in Transition" Richard Dyer MacCann sets out to examine developments in Hollywood since the advent of transcontinental television. His purpose, according to the book jacket, is to have "thoughtful people—in Hollywood and outside—take a long, hard look at what has really happened," in the hope that this will be a "big step toward a better relationship between Hollywood and its new, wider world." Presumably this analysis will result in Hollywood's turning out better films that will give the rest of the world a truer and more representative picture of life in the United States than "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," "On the Waterfront," "The Apartment," "The Man with the Golden Arm," and dozens of other movies that Mr. MacCann feels distort the American way of life.

As long as Mr. MacCann sticks to the facts, he is on fairly safe ground, for he is an able reporter who has spent a good many years on the Hollywood scene as a columnist for the *Christian Science Monitor*. As a result he is able to present to the reader a clear and comprehensive picture of the decline and fall of Hollywood, from the days when it was legitimately the movie capital of the world, turning out nearly 500 feature films a year, to its present pitiful state, brought on mainly by TV, which finds one of the former giants of the industry—Twentieth Century-Fox—being subdivided for a real estate development, and the remaining studios making so few features annually that many exhibitors don't have enough products to keep their theatres open 365 days a year.

It is only when Mr. MacCann starts analyzing Hollywood, and its product, that he runs into trouble, at least so far as this reviewer is concerned. Analyzing Hollywood is about as fruitless as analyzing humor: it rarely comes off. In addition, when the person doing the analyzing has never actually labored in the business, his ideas are apt to be far more altruistic than realistic.

Like many critics, professional or otherwise, Mr. MacCann often loses sight of the fact that the main purpose of the movie industry is to make money, and not to elevate, either morally or esthetically, the peoples of the world. Consequently, he soundly chastises nearly everyone connected with turning out movies in this country today. But the two main targets of his ire are the trend towards independent production, and the propensity among such major companies as are left to produce only supercolossal pictures. He is critical of the independent producers because he claims the majority of them are irresponsible people who are not interested in turning out good, clean, wholesome entertainment, but rely on pure sensationalism, often labeled "adult films," to attract customers to the box office—a trend Mr. MacCann feels is responsible for the breaking down of the Production Code.

And he finds equal fault with the majors for making pictures of "size" rather than quality, and for not giving young creative talent a chance in the business. (Actually, the developing of new talent is a role the independents have assumed, which is a reason why most experts believe the independent trend is a healthy thing.)

TO BOLSTER his own arguments, Mr. McCann points to the foreign imports to illustrate what can be done on little money and a lot of creative ingenuity. In the process, however, he neglects to mention that we in America are not usually privileged to see the many bad pictures other countries turn out. And the ones we do see, it seems to me, are generally fraught with as much sex and violence as the American-made movies Mr. MacCann complains so bitterly about.

I'm not, of course, defending sensationalism for the sake of sensationalism, nor do I believe that a bigger picture is necessarily a better picture. It certainly is not. But I do believe that a movie

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producer has to turn out the kind of product he feels will earn money. Since TV has usurped most of his audience, the movie producer has been forced into a position where he can no longer afford to gamble on "message" pictures or artistic triumphs that lose money. If his pictures don't make money, he will soon be out of business. And, "Marty" and a few other exceptions nothwithstanding, history has proved that the average moviegoer would rather see a star-studded spectacle or the dramatization of a salacious best-selling novel than a small, tastefully made picture of superb quality.

But Mr. MacCann has a rather strange outlook on this. He says,"Even if it were possible to forecast what people want, is it right to give them what they want?"

This kind of criticism is pure nonsense. Making a movie is a very costly venture today—even a so-called low-budget one can run to a million dollars or more. Only a fool would deliberately set out to make a movie that the people *don't* want. It's all very well and good to advocate making pictures without sex and violence, pictures that more accurately reflect life in America. But eliminate sex and violence and some of the other baser themes that are the core of dramatic conflict, and what do you have? A pretty dull story. Even Shakespeare and Sophocles realized that, and wrote accordingly.

HOLLIS ALPERT, in his highly amusing "The Dreams and the Dreamers," takes a much more optimistic view of Hollywood. His book is not meant to be the scholarly critique of the movie business that Mr. MacCann set out to write, but, paradoxically, it's just as informative and a good deal more entertaining. It covers a wide range of subjects, from some very interesting profiles of Marlon Brando, Jean Seberg, and Ingmar Bergman to a discourse on "Art or Obscenity," in which he comes to the opposite conclusion to Mr. MacCann's—that censorship will utimately do more harm than good. He has also written a hilarious satire on movie clichés, in the form of an imaginary interview between a producer and an aspiring screenwriter, in which the former quizzes the latter on his qualifications by presenting certain hackneyed dramatic situations and asking how the writer would handle them.

But even when Mr. Alpert is being critical and factual, he still handles his subject matter with an incisive sense of humor that is lacking in Mr. MacCann's book, and which makes "The Dreams and the Dreamers" extremely readable for anyone who is interested in the Hollywood scene.

Star Bright by Stage Light

"The Great White Way," by Allen Churchill *(Dutton. 310 pp. $4.95), parades the glamorous Broadway personalities of the first twenty years of this century. Stephen Draper, a theatrical agent, has been an actor and film critic. During the war he served with the War Department as Expert Consultant on Scripts.*

By STEPHEN DRAPER

"IF YOU steal from one author, it's plagiarism; if you steal from many, it's research," said Wilson Mizner, a turn-of-the-century wit. Since Allen Churchill quotes the foregoing he must already be aware that he himself has done a monumental amount of research, for he has clipped and snipped and salvaged from a bibliography that is to literature what Cain's Warehouse is to the theatre. The result is a book that will fascinate all who have ever felt any sort of affinity for the world of entertainment .

Although his focus is upon the years from 1900 to 1921, Mr. Churchill succeeds, in a style more breezy than literary, in compressing over 100 years of American theatre into "The Great White Way." With John Drew we journey back to 1853; with Helen Hayes we journey forward, if only by implication, to 1962. The first twenty years of the century touched the lives of many great and memorable personages. All whose names have survived were at least colorful. There were "Diamond Jim" and Lillian Russell, Anna Held, Weber and Fields, Nora Bayes, the Castles, the Barrymores, and countless others. There was Rector's, to which one went, or aspired to go, for a bird and a bottle. There was Delmonico's. There was Shanley's. There were cotillions at Sherry's. There were Monday night openings at the Met. It was an exciting world, this world of the Great White Way, enhanced perhaps by time and Hollywood musicals, but as yet untroubled by the atom or by Prohibition or a social conscience or taxes.

From vast sources of material Mr. Churchill has selected well. He has given us a variety of full-length portraits, among which are those of Mrs. Fiske, Clyde Fitch, Julia Marlowe, David Belasco, Mrs. Leslie Carter, John Drew, Maurice Barrymore, Charles Frohman (a kind of early-day David Merrick), and Maude Adams (whose salary of $20,000 a week in the day of a $2 top might be open to question). Around and about move hundreds of others, all of whom contributed in some measure to the glamour of the era: actors, actresses, beauties, playwrights, producers, wits.

It is an ambitious undertaking and Mr. Churchill has succeeded in building, rather than in writing, an enjoyable and illuminating book. Where he

(*Continued on page* 28)

—Illustrations from the book.

(l. to r.) Weber and Fields, Mrs. Leslie Carter—a world as yet untroubled by taxes or the atom.

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Saturday Review

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Inventory of Intolerables

THE big unasked question during the week of the Cuban crisis was: Who would ultimately own and operate the Cuban missile sites? The general assumption was that the Soviet intended to remain in Cuba and use it as a prime military base in the Western Hemisphere. This assumption rested on no direct evidence. People just took it for granted that the Soviet Union wanted a convenient jumping-off place next to the United States.

Indications from Soviet sources, however, were that a far more ominous situation might have been in the making. According to these indications, Soviet personnel would be withdrawn at an appropriate time and the bases would be turned over to the Cubans. These indications were made quietly, even unobtrusively, and never got into the mainstream of the news. Meanwhile, few people even bothered to ask what would happen if, after the missile sites became operational, the Soviet technicians were to leave and the Cubans were to take over. This eventuality was so fantastic and grisly that it seemed like madness even to consider it. It seemed inconceivable that Fidel Castro could acquire the means for the instant devastation of a substantial part of the United States.

The purpose of this editorial, however, is not to advance the proposition that the Soviet indications about giving the bases to the Cubans should have been taken seriously. Our purpose, rather, is to examine the implications of the fact that so many Americans would probably refuse to believe that such a possibility ever really existed. Indeed, they would dismiss as sheer insanity the idea that the Russians would put weapons of any magnitude in the hands of anyone as explosive, unstable, and unpredictable as Fidel Castro. Consequently the question was hardly even asked: Who would own the bases?

At least one implication of this attitude is that the Americans trust the Russians more than they realize. They know that the Russians hold the power of life and death over them—as they do over the Russians; and they know that the Russians will press for every advantage. But they trust the Russians not to do anything outrageous or absurd. Certainly they would far more trust the Russians with nuclear power than they would the Cubans.

The natural question that grows out of this hypothesis is whether the trust, conscious or otherwise, reposed in the Russians by the Americans, and vice versa, might not serve as the basis for an explicit and tangible determination by both nations to make a genuine attempt to bring the arms race under control. Quite apart from Cuba, the present drift will lead to the acquisition or development of nuclear striking power by at least a dozen nations within the next few years. When this happens, the horror of the Cuban crisis will be far deeper than a week-long ordeal. Therefore, now is the time, while the memory of the terror is still real and while there is still some security left in the world, to mobilize a total effort against the arms race.

Let us now consider another implication of the fact that many Americans would regard as insane the notion that Soviet missile sites might be turned over to Castro. What about the situation of total terror and drift leading up to Cuba? The Cuban business was intolerable, but our age reads like an inventory of intolerables. Is there anything rational or tolerable about the fact that Soviet submarines equipped with nuclear-tipped rockets operate off the east and west coasts of the United States, and that every American city is now within easy range? Ditto with respect to American submarines and their access to Soviet cities. Or that the United States and the Soviet Union, between them, now possess the destructive equivalent of almost 30,000 pounds of TNT for every man, woman, and child in the world? Or that, just in the act of staging their atomic rehearsals, the nuclear nations have pumped massive poisons into the natural environment, with a resultant toll on the health of many millions of people who are neither Russians nor Americans? Or that, finally, it will be impossible for the nuclear nations to use their weapons against each other without also producing casualties by the hundreds of millions outside both countries?

Getting past the Cuban crisis calls for thanksgiving but not for rejoicing; at least not yet. Only when there is a sustained and comprehensive attack on the full list of intolerables affecting the human condition will there be warrant for jubilation. An opportunity to mount such an attack now exists. The kind of imagination and energy required for this effort will determine whether Cuba was merely an exercise in stark terror or whether it produced an inspired response that can lead directly to the making of a safer and better world.

Such an effort, to succeed, requires more than an awareness of the destructive power of nuclear weapons. It requires an awareness of the fact that something must take the place of the weapons if the weapons are to be eliminated. That is, the quest for disarmament must be related to the quest for world order. The definition of a structured peace precedes and does not follow the decision to disarm. No matter what the entry point may be for a consideration of our peril—whether the arms race or Cuba or Korea or Berlin or the Congo—we arrive surely and inevitably at the point where only a United Nations with the responsible authority of world law can provide adequate security and keep the peace.

—N.C.

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ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

The following tribute to Eleanor Roosevelt is drawn from Adlai Stevenson's memorial statement before the United Nations General Assembly on November 9.

THE UNITED STATES, the United Nations—the world—has lost one of its great citizens. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt is dead; a cherished friend of all mankind is gone.

I have lost more than a friend. I have lost an inspiration. She would rather light candles than curse the darkness, and her glow warmed the world.

My country mourns her, and I know that all in the United Nations mourn with us. But the sadness we share is enlivened by the faith in her fellow man and his future which filled the heart of this strong and gentle woman.

She imparted this faith not only to those who shared the privilege of knowing her and of working by her side, but to countless men, women, and children in every part of the world who loved her even as she loved them. For she embodied the vision and the will to achieve a world in which all men can walk in peace and dignity. And to this goal—a better life—she dedicated her tireless energy, the strange strength of her extraordinary personality.

I do not think it amiss to suggest that the United Nations is, in no small way, a memorial to her and to her aspirations. To it she gave the last fifteen years of her restless life. She breathed life into this organization. The United Nations has meaning and hope for millions thanks to her labors, her love, no less than to her ideals—ideals that made her, only weeks after Franklin Roosevelt's death, put aside all thoughts of peace and quiet after the tumult of their lives, to serve as one of this nation's delegates to the first regular session of the General Assembly Her duty then, as always, was to the living, to the world—to peace.

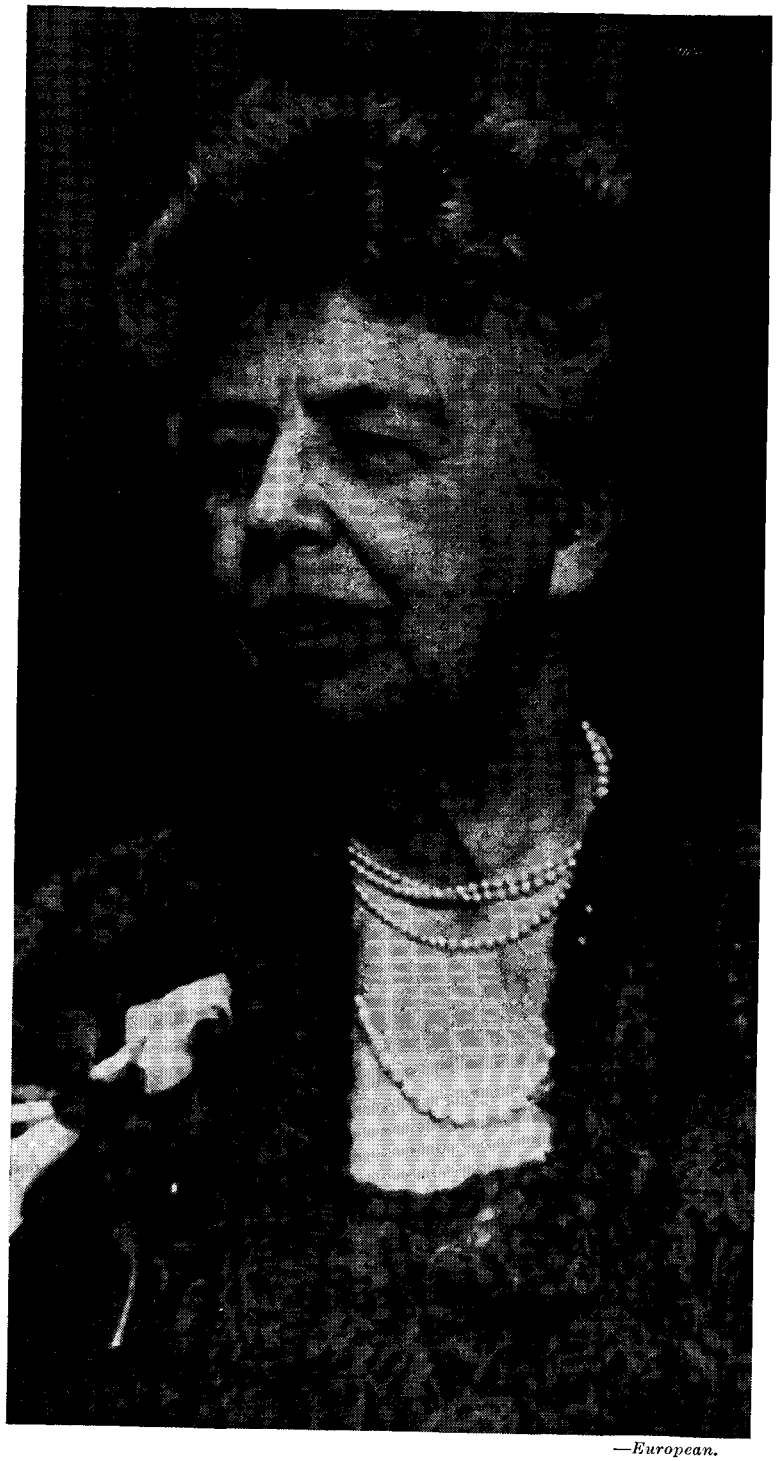
Some of the delegates to the United Nations were present at that first historic assembly in London seventeen years ago. More of them were witnesses to her work in subsequent Assemblies in the years that followed. Many will remember the warmth, the intelligence, the infectious bouyancy which she brought to her tasks. They know the unceasing crusade that helped give the world, after years of painstaking, patient travail, one of the noblest documents of mankind: the Declaration of Human Rights.

This is not the time to recount the infinite services of this glorious, gracious lady; the list is as inexhaustible as her energies. But devotion to the world of the Charter, to the principles of the United Nations, to a world without war, to the brotherhood of man, underscored them all. And, happily for us all, she could communicate her devotion, her enthusiasm, to others. She saw clearly; she spoke simply. The power of her words came from the depth of her conviction.

"We must be willing," she said, "to learn the lesson that cooperation may imply compromise, but if it brings a world advance it is a gain for each individual nation. There will be those who doubt their ability to rise to those new heights, but the alternative is not possible to contemplate. We must build faith in the hearts of those who doubt, we must rekindle faith in ourselves when it grows dim, and find some kind of divine courage within us to keep on till on Earth we have Peace and Good Will among Men."

While she lived, Mrs. Roosevelt rekindled that faith in ourselves. Now that she is gone, the legacy of her lifetime will do no less.

—ADLAI E. STEVENSON.



—*European.*

Anna Eleanor Roosevelt
1884-1962

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

FOR STRONGER MEN

MAY I ADD to the cluster of quotations gathered by John G. Fuller to enhearten us in times of danger [TRADE WINDS, Nov. 10] the following from the late Phillips Brooks: "Pray not for easier lives, pray to be stronger men."

GREGORY MASON.

Riverside, Conn.

NO PREDICTIONS

REGARDING Eugene Burdick's and Harvey Wheeler's "Fail-Safe" [*SR*, Oct. 20]: I am a technician employed by a firm manufacturing tracking systems for the government. Our firm builds in high reliability in our systems: the best possible design, best selection of components, etc. Even after all this we still have "catastrophic" failures; that is, failures that do not show up on a reliability curve. They just happen—and no warning is given. Our reliability people don't account for these, because they can't predict them. Interestingly enough, the greatest number of failures occur in new equipment; the older equipment, for the most part, holds up better.

I have also worked as an installer of U.S. Air Force communications equipment in their major relay centers. Same problem—failure of systems, due to faulty components or unpredictable changes or use of the equipment. I also learned, while doing this work, of the unreliability of communications due to normal atmospherics. All in all, no piece of electronic equipment made will not fail; some take longer than others. In general, the more complex (more parts and units), the more often they will fail. If you consider one switch and the failure rate it may have, and then consider ten thousand switches (such as the switching paths in a computer) and their failure rates, you may see what this will do to the number of possible failures per unit time.

WILLIAM M. HILTON.

Palm Bay, Fla.

MATTERS OF OPINION

I HAVE BEEN traveling in Europe recently and have been unable to get a copy of Roger N. Baldwin's review of my "Tragedy in Dedham" [*SR*, Sept. 8]. I understand, though, that the review was unfavorable. While I have no complaint about Mr. Baldwin's opinions, I do feel that his relationship with me before the book was published should have disqualified him from dealing with it.

Last year I learned that Fred Moore, the chief defense counsel for Sacco and Vanzetti at their trial, had before his withdrawal from the case told Mr. Baldwin that he believed Sacco guilty and Vanzetti possibly guilty. As I felt that it was an important point that Moore had said this before and not after he had withdrawn from the case, I wrote to Mr. Baldwin and asked if this was true. Mr. Baldwin replied that it was. When, however, he later learned that I had altered my original opinion as to the innocence of Sacco, he requested that I withhold his statement about Moore.

I did not use this information about Moore. However, I did feel that it was unjustified of Mr. Baldwin to withhold essential information about the case because such information was damaging to the defendants. And I feel today that, after such correspondence with me, and such demonstrable partisanship, he was not qualified to deal with my book.

FRANCIS RUSSELL.

Dusseldorf, Germany.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"But General Washington, that's why we fought the revolution—so we could pick our own king."

AFTER CUBA

ROSCOE DRUMMOND'S "Beyond the Cuban Crisis" [*SR*, Nov. 10] is one article that should be reprinted and sent to the President of the United States, the Peace Corps head, and every Senator and Congressman in our government. Thank goodness for *SR*, where Mr. Drummond found the vehicle for this expression.

I must add that *SR* has come a long, splendid way since we knew it as the *Saturday Review of Literature*. Its coverage of education, music, entertainment, books, and art makes it about the best-rounded periodical on the stands today.

BESS MAIERS.

Los Angeles, Calif.

THE POET AND THE PEOPLE

A WILD AND LONG hurrah for all the brave contributors who voiced their disapproval of Mr. Ciardi on the subject of the rights of military pilots [*SR*, Nov. 3]. The many splendid letters published give ample proof that Mr. Ciardi is venturing into fields where his criticisms and wordy essays are not fully authenticated.

Let him stick to his chosen profession of poetry, and leave the editorial pages uncontaminated by his pompous judgments.

LENORE MARTINEAU.

Los Angeles, Calif.

AFTER READING the letters to the editor in the November 3 issue, I feel like congratulating *SR* and John Ciardi on letting the reader have his say. I, too, thought that Mr. Ciardi's piece on the responsibility of the jet pilot in trouble over a congested area [*SR*, Oct. 6] unfair and unnecessarily denigrating. The Air Force, however, is apparently full of literate officers, for their replies were forceful and constrained.

All too often publications leave the objecting letter writer looking like an ass. His letter is balanced by another supporting the article under fire, and the defender all too often is given more space and is chosen because he writes better than the critic, or is better known. Then, too, the author himself is allowed the last word. This is a pernicious practice, for the author is a professional writer, and give one of *those* the last word and you've had it!

HOWARD DAVIS.

Philadelphia, Pa.

IT MAY HAVE TAKEN the whole Air Force to do it, but Mr. Ciardi seems to have finally got his comeuppance.

L. T. ROBERTS.

San Francisco, Calif.

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TV AND RADIO

Living Color on Television

THE Committee on Integration of the New York Society for Ethical Culture recently monitored the three major networks during a two-week period from 8 A.M. to midnight. Sixty volunteers saw 30 per cent of available program units and deemed them "adequate for tentative conclusions" on how frequently (and in what guise) Negroes appear on the television screen. The dominant implication of the findings is that "the television industry is not keeping abreast of the changing American social scene" in employment of Negro actors and in the communication of the Negro image to millions of homes. The survey is a laudable effort of a lay group and shows the way to other organized viewers who care enough about television to study it with some degree of seriousness. The findings bear fleshing out, however, lest they be misinterpreted.

Three hundred ninety-eight half-hour units were reported; no Negroes at all appeared in 309. Of the remaining eighty-nine units, twenty-seven, the largest category, presented one or more Negroes as singers, dancers, or musicians. But it would be instructive to know how many performers had permanency of employment. The Negro singer or dancer on television is a transient, an itinerant, with no chance of earning his living exclusively in either the black and white or the color tube. News, information, and education documentaries show the next highest incidence of Negroes. The survey implies that these data illustrate a desirable recognition, on factual programs, of the Negro's importance on the national scene. The survey might have noted that people appearing as themselves in such programs are again merely passing through—usually without benefit of any fee. Name one panel, press, or discussion show with a permanent Negro moderator or participant. The matter of fees is an important question. As in radio before it, so in television—Negroes were far more prevalent on sustaining programs and before the talent unions organized, bargained, and established pay scales. Equality in broadcasting seems to thrive better free than fee.

Once upon a time, when television was young, there was a Negro performer, Charity Bailey, who had her own children's musical program; but hers, too, was a sustaining program, I recall, without a sponsor. It is not, of course, surprising to find that the psychology and economics of segregation should be intensified even on television for the young and the more impressionable. In fairness to the medium, it is not very different from other branches of the entertainment business in the general handling of Negroes. The theatre is a mite better, movies about the same. The situation has been known in the trade for years, current Congressional inquiries notwithstanding. Always the song in broadcasting is repetitious: the networks say they have no discriminatory policies; it is suggested that the advertisers control the content of the entertainment shows. The agencies are afraid of offending the Southern market (this argument is partly valid); but the agencies also claim they merely put on what comes naturally to their creative people (this argument is not valid). The writers and producers learned the bitter score long ago: they are self-programmed for pre-censorship. Where is the body really buried? Most probably in the advertising agencies, where the economics of corporate and individual survival are so extremely fragile and where the value structures are often conservative.

Today the opportunities for leadership among the advertisers are timely. Only they can mount a real breakthrough by taking the wraps off the program creators. The pressures on the agencies grow daily—political, economic, social. The admen don't quite know how to handle the burgeoning "Negro market" without integrating Negro performers. The affirmative contribution that television can make to the nation's struggle for integration is incalculable, particularly in the modification of Negro stereotypes. TV ought not to wait for public attitudes to change, as the mirror theory counsels. In every industry and institution it is men at the top with vision and guts who make change. Branch Rickey didn't wait for the fans when he introduced Jackie Robinson to major league baseball. The first Negroes who find stable, equal employment before the television cameras will for a while be "Negro actors." Use enough of them, and give the public time to grow accustomed to the change, and as it was in baseball, as it is now in education, so will it be in television—the public will soon learn to accept them as actors. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

VOWEL TRIPLETS

Mary A. Hawkins of Schenectady, New York, offers a cluster of skeletonized words which have unusual vowel combinations. Answers on page 41.

1. ornament	__EAU__ __ __ __
2. moral	__ __ __ __UOU__
3. compress	__ __UEE__ __
4. apprehensive	__ __ __IOU__
5. encamp	__ __ __OUA__
6. gyration	__ __ __OUE__ __ __
7. accede	__ __ __UIE__ __ __
8. fiery	__ __ __EOU__
9. associate	__ __ __UAI__ __ __ __ __ __ __
10. watery	__ __ __EOU__
11. finical	__ __UEA__ __ __ __
12. torch	__ __ __ __ __EAU
13. eluding	__ __EEI__ __
14. perturbation	__ __ __ __UIE__
15. lined up	__UEU__ __

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RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

ROSALIND RUSSELL
NATALIE WOOD
KARL MALDEN
"GYPSY"

Produced and Directed by
MERVYN LeROY
Based on the Memoirs of
GYPSY ROSE LEE
A Warner Bros.
Picture in Technicolor

•

ON THE GREAT STAGE
"ENCHANTED ISLANDS"

. . . Glamorous Tropical spectacle introducing famous Barbados Police Band, unique Telstar effects, specialty acts, guest stars, Rockettes, Ballet Company and the Symphony Orchestra.

IN NEW YORK'S THEATRES

5 TONY AWARDS
BEST PLAY OF THE YEAR
EMLYN WILLIAMS
THOMAS GOMEZ
GEORGE ROSE
in ROBERT BOLT'S
CRITICS CIRCLE PRIZE PLAY
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS
also starring ALBERT DEKKER
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YOU HELP MORE THE UNITED WAY

From Nile to Ash Can

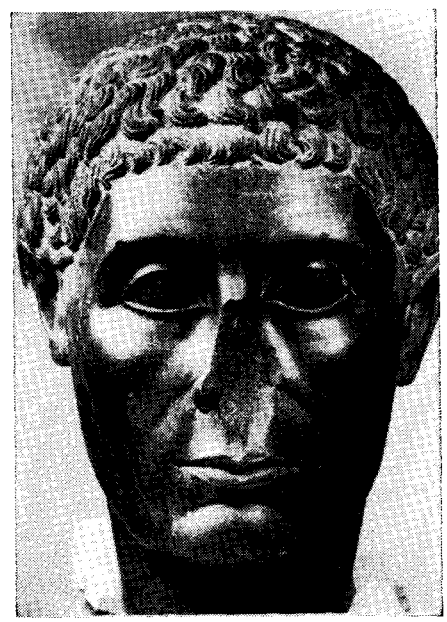
THOUGH proximity to Manhattan's prodigious art holdings might have proved fatal to the Brooklyn Museum, precisely the reverse has happened. Not trying to compete with the impossible, this institution wisely channeled its efforts toward specializations that reach beyond purely community needs.

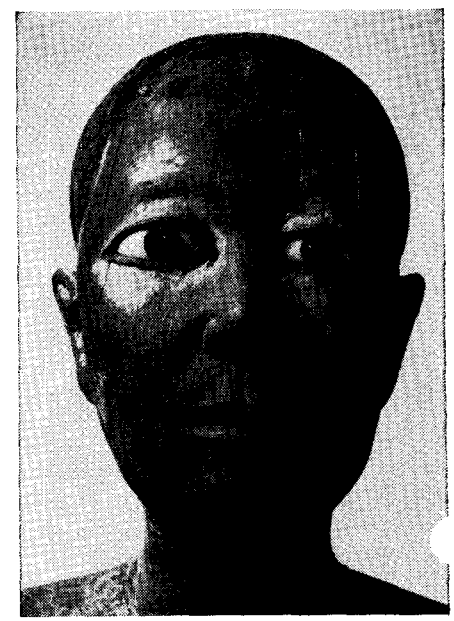
Famous for its superb Egyptian collection, the museum tends to value esthetic quality above historical rarity. As John D. Cooney, able and scholarly Curator of Ancient Art, explains, "Our policy is seldom found among Egyptian collections; we concentrate on the *art* of Egypt as opposed to its archeology." Even a rank amateur recognizes the truth of this statement, for in the briefest stroll through the Egyptian galleries one is repeatedly confronted with works of ineffable beauty. Take the "Portrait of Methethy," a painted wood sculpture made over 4,300 years ago. At once realistic but restrained, powerful, and immediate, this figure of a royal estate overseer transcends all conventions of time and place. Never has man been interpreted with greater freedom, dignity, or authority.

We tend to forget that at times the Egyptians were more perceptive humanists than even the Greeks. Further evidence of this is found in an extraordinary over-life-size diorite head dating from the first century B.C. and undoubtedly the top Egyptian sculpture from this period in the United States. Here incredibly subtle surface carving reveals more than flawless technique; where in the entire history of art can one find a portrait of greater nobility? In addition, the Egyptian collection is buttressed by the Wilbour Library, considered one of the two best Egyptological libraries in the world (the other is at Oxford University).

Obviously any serious student of Egyptian art must visit Brooklyn. The same holds true for any serious student of American painting, the latter concentration representing the museum's second outstanding specialization. In a series of connected galleries, the progression of American art from early Colonial and Patroon portraits through Hudson River landscapes, romantic and genre paintings to the Ash Can School of the early twentieth century is an impressive survey. As for the wide coverage of America's greatest realist, Thomas Eakins, this, too, is impressiv Here is a detailed yet panoramic view of our country's visual coming of age.

But one flaw, and a serious one, mars the experience. Contemporary American painting has been sadly neglected Notable examples from the last decade or two are doubly missed since definitive earlier works are so well represented. Unfortunately this gap may prove





Art in Brooklyn—Left, "Egyptian Official," diorite head of the first century B.C.; right, detail of "Portrait of Methethy," woodcarving of about 2350 B.C.

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difficult to fill, for today the prices of important American artists are soaring.

When late last month I visited the ooklyn Museum, two special events ere under way. Thanks to the knowledgeable leadership of Conservator Caroline Keck, an extensive and intensive "Exposition of Painting Conservation" was taking place. Emphasis centered on new materials, methods, and machines. Nearly 200 people from Europe, the United States, and Canada converged on Brooklyn to benefit from this combination trade fair and symposium dedicated to the conservation and preservation of painting. Museums and dealers sent representatives to study new techniques introduced by conservators of international reputation. Vincent van Gogh, the artist's nephew, came from Holland; the FBI sent its top art expert. One can only regret that practicing artists sidestepped this uncommon opportunity. Though paintings today are often considered expendable, it is nonetheless scandalous to find some of them sometimes disintegrating even before they leave the easel.

The other special event at Brooklyn currently commemorates the first public showing of the Louis E. Stern collection. Intimate in scale yet large in numbers, this survey of predominantly modern works will remain on view until rly next March. More characteristic, however, of the museum's emphasis on exhibitions related to its own specialized collections was a memorable series organized several years ago and devoted to lesser known nineteenth-century American painters like Eastman Johnson, John Peto, and John Quidor. Spearheaded by John I. H. Baur, then Curator of Paintings at Brooklyn and now Associate Director of the Whitney Museum of American Art, these often modest but always well-documented surveys made history. Nowhere else in America during those years could one find so consistent an exhibition program devoted to serious research in fields little touched by other art institutions. I, for one, hope that we can look forward to further American surveys of corresponding caliber from Brooklyn.

This museum has also been responsible for a group of first-rate national print shows which in turn have been circulated throughout the country. Along with the Cincinnati Art Museum, Brooklyn is famous for the high quality of its graphic exhibitions and for its loyal support of experimentation in this field. Once again a dedicated curator, na Johnson, has given impetus to the ogram.

A highly rewarding activity at the Brooklyn Museum concerns its 7,500 Junior Members. For these young people, behind-the-scenes tours are organized on Saturday mornings, a special illustrated bulletin to which the Junior Members themselves sometimes contribute is published, and ingenious treasure hunts for museum objects are conducted daily. But best of all, any child twelve years or older is eligible to serve as a Junior Aide in either the library, the Gallery Shop, at the information desk, or in a variety of other capacities. What better way to introduce young Brooklynites to their museum and what better way to lessen the forbidding aspects of institutional authority? Participation for children is always preferable to being "talked at," a process too often directed toward dreary little bands of hand-holding youngsters worming their way through marble halls.

As I was leaving the museum, I stopped at the Gallery Shop on the ground floor, a unique store where the usual variety of reproduction is avoided in favor of original crafts and toys. Here a large stock collected from fifty-six countries is displayed and sold, at prices ranging from 10 cents to $300, with emphasis always on the lower prices. This coming December a special gift collection in the shop will feature African wood carvings, Peruvian crafts, and Japanese folk toys. As far as I know, this is the only art museum store in the world to specialize in original crafts on such a wide-flung scale.

—KATHARINE KUH.

In December Don't Miss:

Retrospective Exhibition of Franz Kline at the Washington (D.C.) Gallery of Modern Art. Comprising over 120 works, this first comprehensive survey of Kline appropriately commemorates the opening of an important new contemporary museum.

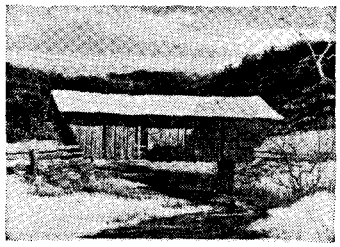
Andrew Wyeth, Paintings and Drawings at the Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo. Nearly 150 works give a full-scale view of an influential American artist who stresses realism.

Arshile Gorky at the Museum of Modern Art, New York. An exhibition of Gorky's major oils and drawings grouped to show the evolution of his works from sketch to completion. Opens December 19.

Homage to Georges Braque at the Walker Art Center, Minneapolis. In honor of the artist's eightieth birthday, this exhibition covering more than sixty years of Braque's career has been borrowed from both Europe and America. Opens December 20.

PICTURES & PRINTS

ORIGINAL IN OESTREICHER COLLECTION



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Thespian Worlds

Continued from page 21

fails to succeed is in his first chapter. There, at the beginning, he has selected an arbitrary date in 1900, the date on which "Floradora" opened, and, for immediacy, he has unwisely used the present (or "you-are-there") tense. In a work that demands precise chronology and cries aloud for the perfect tense, it is an irritating device that cannot be long sustained, nor is it. Where the author fails most is in his attempt to deal with the then "period of transition in the American theatre," a subject he hastily disposes of with a few non sequiturs. It is a subject with which he should not have tangled. The minor errors will disturb only the more meticulous; though to the Divine Sarah herself it surely would not have seemed a minor error that the amputation of her leg be anticipated by a full fifteen years.

The Stage Is Art

"Chekhov: A Biography," by Ernest J. Simmons *(Atlantic-Little, Brown. 669 pp. $10), provides insight not only into the celebrated Russian playwright but the theatre world and intelligentsia of his time. David Ross, producer-director of the successful off-Broadway Chekhov cycle, opened his Theatre Four in the Lincoln Center area this month with a new production of "The Cherry Orchard."*

By DAVID ROSS

IN THE introduction to his biography of Chekhov, Ernest J. Simmons, states that the final image of the man as it emerges "must be a complete one." By drawing on hitherto unpublished data made available during the past decade, including letters written to the playwright by his sister, Simmons has admirably succeeded in his aim. This is a fully authenticated biography, its historical accuracy illuminated by the author's compassionate understanding of his subject.

The twin threads of the biography—Chekhov the man, racked by consumption during his creative years, hoping for a wife who "like the moon would not appear in the sky every day," and Chekhov the artist, vowing after the first-night failure of "The Seagull" that he would write no more for the stage—are admirably entwined. Here indeed is a portrait of a man who, in Tolstoy's words, "is understood and accepted not only by every Russian, but by all humanity."

An engrossing facet of the book is its account of the day-by-day growth and development of one of the world's most important theatrical institutions—the Moscow Art Theatre. The disagreements and feuds between author and director, actress and producer are vividly chronicled—perhaps the most significant being the arguments between Chekhov and Stanislavsky, the father of "method" acting. We hear Chekhov's impassioned cry after seeing the latter's production of "The Cherry Orchard": "That man has ruined my play—the last act should last eighteen minutes and it runs for thirty-five," and his reaction when Stanislavsky wanted to use noises of frogs, crickets, dogs, and dragonflies in "The Seagull" on the grounds that they were realistic: "Stage is Art if from a portrait you take out the painted nose and substitute a real one, the nose will be realistic but the painting will be spoiled." It is a fact, attested to by many directors (including myself), that Chekhov's stage directions to the actor—the pauses, the laughter, etc.—cannot be improved upon.

Incidentally, Chekov refutes the label "tragedian" that so many contemporary productions seem to reflect. Distressed by the first rehearsal of "The Cherry Orchard," he asked, "Is this my 'Cherry Orchard'? I describe life—dull, Philistine life but not a tedious, whimpering one. I've written several volumes of merry tales but criticism has tricked me out as some kind of mourner."

We gain in this study a vivid picture of the events and friendships of the formative years of one of the world's greatest dramatists: Chekhov's student days with their prolific output of short stories; his career as a doctor, cut short by the disease that was eventually to prove fatal. We come to know his wife, the magnificent actress Olga Knipper, as well as Nemirovich-Danchenko and Stanislavsky, his closest friends and professional colleagues. Professor Simmons provides not only an unforgettable portrait of Chekhov, but a valuable insight into the theatre world and intelligentsia of his time.

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Man as the Key to His Meaning

"Being and Time," by Martin Heidegger, *translated by John Macquarrie and Edward Robinson (Harper & Row. 589 pp. $12.50), first published in Germany thirty-five years ago, remains an important statement of the existentialist viewpoint. James K. Feibleman is chairman of the Department of Philosophy at Tulane University.*

By JAMES K. FEIBLEMAN

HEIDEGGER'S book, now available in English for the first time, is the most important philosophical work to come out of Europe in this century. Originally published in Germany in 1927, it has influenced a whole generation on the Continent. Not only have other philosophers been affected by it, Sartre and Buber, for instance, but also much of the world of literature, from "existential" novelists to Camus and the "theatre of the absurd." In the European tradition philosophical movements reach everywhere, influencing not only the professionals in philosophy but also the artists, and even changing the daily outlook of educated people who have no special interest in philosophy.

Original but obscure, and in a sense almost unintelligible, Heidegger's book presents difficulties of which philosophers themselves complain. Yet it has made its way slowly but surely, overcoming all obstacles, including its author's own somewhat tarnished reputation, to emerge as one of the most significant documents of our times.

"Being and Time" owes much to its predecessors, particularly Kierkegaard, the Danish founder of existentialism. Heidegger denies the label, yet he treats the same topics, except that Kierkegaard was a religious thinker while Heidegger's approach is purely philosophical.

"Being and Time" does not lend itself readily to summary, but the attempt must be made. The argument as a whole centers around the question, what does it mean *to be*? Being can be comprehended only by a contrast with non-being—in a word, with nothingness. All insecurity, all dread, arises from the encounter with nothingness. But personal existence is something, a "being-there" (the German word, which Heidegger uses throughout, is *Dasein*).

In the European tradition it has often been thought possible to examine human experience apart from the world that is experienced. The effort to get back to beginnings by this method lasted until Heidegger's time, and his teacher, Husserl, was not altogether free of it. Heidegger's aim is somewhat different: he assumes that to analyze the mode of existence of the human being is the best way to understand being itself, since personal existence is a species of world existence. In human existence the individual assumes all responsibility for himself. Man has his being in a world of other things, such as the tools of his culture, which are chiefly important because they are ready to hand. The world inhabited by man is characterized for him by his own undertakings. But human efforts involving material tools are shared efforts. Thus "being" means being involved with others like himself, at once making use of tools and caring for persons. However, it is for particular persons that he should care, not for humanity in general.

THE BEING of the individual does not as such extend to all of mankind, since the individual is finite and therefore has definite limits. All the more reason, then, freely to choose his own existence and affirm it. For, although human existence is finite, it is not complete; it is an unfinished existence and involves effort: every project is a self-projection. Material things take on meaning through use, human existence is primarily activity, what is important is the doing rather than the knowing. Such activity should not be mechanical, however, nor a mere following of custom and tradition. Authentic existence is original and free; inauthentic existence, against which Heidegger warns us, is conventional and bound.

Human existence is always marked by a mood or emotional state, by the openness of existence itself, and by the language within which man stands. Always there is in Heidegger, as there is in every existentialist, a terrible craving for the concrete, the particular, the individual. But this is a hunger that is not so easy to satisfy because of the generality inherent in language. Language, which stems from the use of things and the necessity of communicating about it, is authentic. But language can also interpose itself through convention and substitute an abstract world for the concrete world of authentic being. Language makes truth possible but is responsible also for untruth.

Inauthentic being, which is in effect a detachment from real being, can lead to anxiety, an unfocused and therefore isolating state. It consists of a dread of being, and is therefore damaging to the individual. Because he is responsible for himself he must care also for the world in which his aims could be realized, and for those aims just because they are his aims.

Meanwhile the prospect of death makes everything, including the fulfilment of aims, uncertain. We come from nowhere, we go to nothing; and, as Camus said, we are all condemned to death. Yet death is not merely negative, since it is the prospect of death that unifies individual existence and lends authenticity to it. Death is the condition of life and must be accepted if we are to live fully and not rely upon the illusions of our everyday existence.

Philosophy does not tell a man what he should do; it merely lays out the conditions before him. It is an orientation, not a personal plan. Society imposes the pattern within which the will operates. But it does not do so arbitrarily. Man's place in the world is a temporal rather than a spatial place; he has his being in time. Past, present, and future are held together by the fact of personal existence; we do not exist in time, time exists in us. History is what man makes as he strives toward the future. Thus the world itself is rendered authentic, enveloped and illuminated by human uses and meanings.

The individual, in short, will find his justification not in the God of a religion nor in anything else except himself. He must learn how to live with himself and to find that kind of living not only self-sufficient but a complete fulfilment.

No brief exposition can hope to do justice to such a complex book. "Being and Time," for all its 589 pages, was designed to be the first part of a work which was never finished. What Heidegger has published since is only a commentary on it; thus it must stand as his major contribution to philosophy. Of its power and originality, there can be little question; but perhaps it is too early to say just what its permanent place will be. That it will have one, however, is a pretty good guess.

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Hearth and Hurricane

"The Points of My Compass: Letters from the East, the West, the North, the South," by E. B. White *(Harper & Row. 240 pp. $4), a collection of essays, ranges from whimsical nostalgia for a fading past to vigorous protest against some aspects of the present. Herbert Gold is the author of "The Age of Happy Problems."*

By HERBERT GOLD

THE MOST important point of reference for understanding E. B. White's special gifts as a man of letters—and his special difficulties with these gifts—is the great American writer Henry David Thoreau, who pared down his life to the smallest practical elements. From within his stoical seclusion he screeched most eloquently at the rest of the world.

E. B. White has tried to live in society. He has had, and still has, a wife; one can almost say that he has also had a magazine, *The New Yorker*, much of whose best prose is either his or reflects his own wryly committed spirit. But the burden of grafting a Thoreauvian blend of stoical abstention and poetic concern onto *The New Yorker*'s peculiarly discreet diction has weighed heavily on White. *The New Yorker* dislikes strong emotion strongly expressed, sustained argument argumentatively put forward. It is as if emotion and argument might keep the commuters reading past their stops on the train. White has been one of the architects of *The New Yorker*'s style, and also one of its victims. Nevertheless, his real quality as a man and a writer has managed to survive. He has felt strongly about various matters, from the atomic bomb to urban noise. Wit and understatement and a contained rage result in a considerable achievement in this new collection, "The Points of My Compass," which is brilliant sentence by sentence, convincing paragraph by paragraph, but occasionally fades out into whimsy over the long stretch of an essay.

Dogs, hurricanes, village characters, Democrats, Republicans, Florida seasides, a girl circus rider, a coon, pigeons, and old railroads receive his nostalgic approval. The essay on Thoreau embodies a passionately sustained admiration, and this makes an exciting occasion. Modern times—its machinery, television, factory farming, city bustle, bad grammar—receives a dose of coolness through a series of cautious dry, humorous personal accounts. White has developed a trick that might be called the semisequitur. He often concludes one of these essays with a note of not-quite-relevant pedantry, as if to say, "Well, there I go, raising my voice again. But listen, what really concerns me is: The back kitchen got renovated."

He need not be so shy. He can compose a beautiful, helpless evocation of the weakness that overtakes a man moving out of an apartment, disposing of the accumulated years. Or he can pay a lively, funny, youthfully exuberant tribute to an old car—much superior to the Detroit product of 1958, he decided. (Moderate in most matters, he admits that he did buy a later model.)

At his best, raising his privileged voice, White vigorously protests the abuses of power and argues that the nation must function as "the true friend and guardian of sovereign man." He is passionate about Thoreau, about disarmament, about the need for rational states and international cooperation. He does not mince words in his prescription: world government. He notes that he was misquoted in the *Congressional Record* as urging "supernatural cooperation," when what he actually urged was cooperation by "supranational" means. It is an appropriate irony that a writer who joins a finicky concern with language to large humanitarian hopes was spooked by a typo. It leads him to wonder if maybe that's the way salvation will have to come—supernaturally.

In the meantime, despite the printers' revision of his ideas, E. B. White's complaints and celebrations will continue to provide some sense under the glare of the rockets. This supernatural, supranational man, wearing his bright orange cap in order not to be shot by the hunters, bears his good wits back and forth between Maine and New York, Cape Canaveral and the United Nations, the fading past and the dim future.

No Retreat from Reason

"The Strangled Cry," by John Strachey *(Sloane. 256 pp. $4.50), contains the "unparliamentary papers" of a British M.P. and ex-Communist. Charles Collingwood is a correspondent for CBS News.*

By CHARLES COLLINGWOOD

"THE STRANGLED CRY" is a collection of what John Strachey, Labour M.P. for Dundee West and former Minister of State for War, calls his "unparliamentary" papers. He suggests that they are, "perhaps, too outspoken for a politician safely to have written." Certainly no one in the Congress of the United States could safely have written them. But then, no one could have been elected to the Congress of the United States who had written "The Coming Struggle for Power."

That earlier book was one of the most influential left-wing political tracts of the 1930s, and made John Strachey both famous and controversial. He now frankly calls it "pro-Communist." Although all the pieces in the present collection were written after his break with the Communists in 1940, the Communist experience and the seductions of Communism form a theme that runs through many of these essays. Strachey is fascinated with Communism from the special point of view of one who has been deeply involved with it and then lost his faith. He has not exchanged the mystique of Communism for an equally mystical anti-Communism, as did Whittaker Chambers—whom, incidentally, he discusses with sympathy, understanding, and complete disagreement—but he feels that those who have not been touched by Communism underestimate its power.

"It is, no doubt," he says, "one of the irritating characteristics of all those who have been, to any considerable degree, through the Communist experience that they, at heart, consider that all those who have not are in some degree superficial."

He chides John Kenneth Galbraith, whom he greatly admires, for his unwillingness to share his own fascination with the subject. "Galbraith," he says in an otherwise highly flattering memoir, "is, and always has been, deeply (and in my view culpably) uninterested in Communism."

Strachey's preoccupation with the

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Communist experience is most evident in the title group of essays, which analyze the rejection of Communism, overt or implied, in the work of four authors, Arthur Koestler, George Orwell, Boris Pasternak, and Whittaker Chambers. Mr. Strachey knows what they are talking about and his comments on their work are both original and provocative. The strangled cry John Strachey hears in their books and deplores is the rejection, not only of Communism, but of the whole tradition of rationalism as well. He argues that it is a return to reason, not a retreat from it, that is needed.

Reason is Strachey's guide, and it is the tone of reasonableness that makes his judgments so persuasive. But it is sentiment that gives all his writing its charm, whether you are in the end persuaded or not. For Mr. Strachey feels about people and things besides reasoning about them, and that is doubtless why he is successful at the politician's trade. In "The Strangled Cry" he tells what he felt about the war (the classic "Digging for Mrs. Miller" is included), the erotic sculpture adorning the Indian temple of Konarak, and some of the movers and shakers of our time, from Leon Trotsky to Lord Keynes.

What he has to say about all these things is always interesting and frequently illuminating. Besides, he writes much better than any politician should. That is the most "unparliamentary" thing about these essays.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1008

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1008 will be found in the next issue.

GWKPLRLGWNAR OAN QWN GKLYNNAR LT ANMLPEQ-KLY.

ALSNAQ WOAGNA.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1007

An old Chinese proverb: If thine enemy wrong thee, buy each of his children a drum.

FICTION

Voice from a Bosnian Inferno

"The Vizier's Elephant: Three Novellas," by Ivo Andric, *translated from the Serbo-Croat by Drenka Willen (Harcourt, Brace & World. 247 pp. $4.75), and* ***"Devil's Yard," by Ivo Andric,*** *translated from the Serbo-Croat by Kenneth Johnstone (Grove. 137 pp. $3.95), take as themes both the folk-lore and the historic past of the Nobel Prize-winner's native Bosnia. Michael Ginsburg is professor of Slavic Culture at Indiana University.*

By MICHAEL GINSBURG

Ivo Andric—"life in its endless variety."

IN HIS native country Ivo Andric is regarded as one of the greatest contemporary writers, not only as the author of three novels that enjoy enormous popularity in Yugoslavia, but also for his many short stories. In this respect he follows in a long literary tradition: the short story has for generations been the most popular genre of Yugoslav prose, deeply rooted as it is both historically and artistically in the folk tales of the different regions of the country. Even in the early days of his literary career the short story was Andric's favorite form of expression; since the completion of his three novels, almost twenty years ago, the short story has become his personal hallmark.

Until recently the American reader has scarcely had an opportunity to become acquainted with Andric the story-teller. It is true that one of his masterpieces appeared in an anthology published in English by the Yugoslav Committee for Foreign Cultural Relations. That was "The Story of a Bridge," in which he tells in exquisite prose the legend of a beautiful bridge over the River Zhepa, whose single white arch strikingly resembles the bridge still spanning the Neretva in Mostar, the capital of Hercogovina. However, it is not likely that this publication has fallen into the hands of many American readers. For that reason the appearance of two books containing four stories must be welcomed by those whose interest in Andric has been aroused by "The Bridge on the Drina."

Ivo Andric is one of those artists who like to people their canvases with large galleries of human figures; an endless procession of major and minor participants parades through the pages of his stories. They come from all walks of life; they belong to different races and nations; they often have nothing in common with each other, but they all contribute to the re-creation of life in its endless variety. Reading an Andric story brings to mind the milling world of a Breughel painting.

Andric is a quiet, dispassionate narrator, and his stories have the dignity of epic works. In his research for themes he constantly returns to his native Bosnia, whose past is rich in colorful legends which, Andric says, are as elusive as the sly, swift trout in the mountain brooks of his homeland; a stranger rarely spots a legend lurking in the memories of the Bosnian people, but for Andric the folklore of his people is an open book.

The story which is perhaps the best among these now published, "Anika's Times," belongs to the Bosnian group. It has some of the elements of a Greek tragedy. The *dramatis personae* are entangled in a net of circumstances that sap their lives and bring about their inescapable destruction, moral and physical. Thus an episode that occurred in Vishegrad, a small Bosnian town where Andric spent part of his childhood, assumes, as often happens in his writings, the proportions of a symbolic drama. Two themes, the curse engendered by

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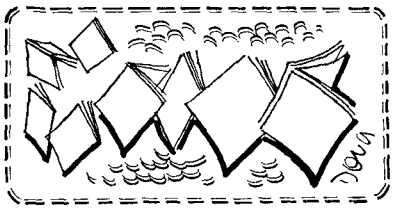

murder and the decay of the human soul under the influence of sensuality, enmesh a whole microcosm—several generations of Orthodox priests, the *Kaymekam*, mayor of the town, a fastidious and enlightened Turk, Gypsies, the Christian and Moslem population, and, above all, Anika, who becomes the very embodiment of evil and depravity. Andric's narrative style in describing the march of events leaves the reader spellbound.

In "The Vizier's Elephant," also based on a legend out of Bosnia's sinister past, Andric again gives his story a deeper symbolic meaning. This is a tale of the reign of terror instituted in the early days of the nineteenth century by a Turkish governor of the province. A lonely recluse with a twisted mind, the Vizier is a bloodthirsty maniac impelled to torture his subjects, and at the same time he is an artist who finds esthetic pleasure in collecting *kalems* (the pencils of reed used in the East as writing quills) and specimens of beautiful calligraphy. The populace, stunned by his cruelty, does not dare strike back at the ruthless satrap; but when he acquires an elephant, the tormented townspeople see in the hapless beast the image of their oppressor, and give vent to their pent-up misery by devising ways to kill the animal. Andric shows here how fear can corrode the human soul, killing courage and awakening brutal passion against an innocent scapegoat; but he also shows how sooner or later tyranny destroys the tyrant.

The other two stories, "Zeko" and "Devil's Yard" (in Serbo-Croat *Prokleta Avlija*, literally "The Cursed Yard"), because of their length fall in the category of short novels. In "Zeko" the reader is plunged into the nightmare of daily life in Belgrade during the Nazi occupation of twenty years ago. Andric, who himself spent those years in Belgrade, gives an unforgettable picture of the horrors through which the city lived. The central figure of the story is a "little man" insignificant to such a degree that he is known to everyone not by his real name but as "Zeko" (Bunny" in Serbo-Croat). We meet him first during the years between the two wars, when he is living his drab life in the shadow of a hideous woman who by a whim of fate becomes his wife. Driven to despair and almost suicide by this senseless existence, Zeko accidentally discovers a world of human flotsam and jetsam nestling on the outskirts of the city; here he finds warmth and friendliness which give him strength to rekindle the dying spark of his self-respect. When the flood of German invaders overpowers Belgrade, Zeko's true nature, noble and strong, manifests itself. The saga of his courage and deep humanity, the story of his resurrection, is told as only a great writer can tell it.

None of these stories presents so concentrated a picture of human degradation as "Devil's Yard." This tale depicts a Turkish prison in Asia Minor, across the Bosporus from Istanbul; here is a sordid mass of human beings—thieves, murderers, drug addicts, occasionally some political prisoners—from all corners of the Ottoman Empire, thrown together as in a grotesque ant hill. The prison is a modern Inferno over whose gate Dante's inscription could well be hung: for the prisoners in this yard there is no hope. In this house of the dead, crime, lewdness, moral depravity, vicious hatred transform human beings into beasts. Their fate is in the hands of a bestial chief warden; scion of a prominent Istanbul family, he has a record of ugly crimes committed in his youth. When by an irony of fate he becomes the chief of Devil's Yard he performs his duties with sadistic zeal.

To Andric, suffering is an integral part of the human condition. Only rarely does a ray of hope and happiness break through the dark cloud of gloom and misery, and for such fleeting moments a great price is extolled. Against this tragic injustice Andric, who loves humanity and understands its suffering, raises his moving voice.

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Cupid and the Cow

"The Diving Gourd," by Kim Yong Ik *(Knopf. 245 pp., $3.95), focusing on a hardworking, lonely fisherwoman, is in sum a story of the Korean earth. Formerly an editor with Simon & Schuster, William Clifford is currently traveling in East Asia meeting writers and translators. He is co-editor of "A Treasury of Modern Asian Stories."*

By WILLIAM CLIFFORD

—From the book.

UNROMANTICIZED novels of rural Asian life were all but unknown in our language a generation ago. Now they are coming to us almost every season. Some of them are translations, like T. S. Pillai's Malayalam-original "Chemmeen." Others are by Asians who have chosen to reach an international audience by writing in English. Such a book is "The Diving Gourd," by a Korean, Kim Yong Ik.

Mr. Kim's achievement in his first novel is remarkable because his choice of words is absolutely right. He uses good idiomatic English flavored with exotic conceits but never marred by inappropriate slang. He knows and loves his homeland, and he has mastered our language.

The story he tells is that of a hard-working fisherwoman who has left her wastrel husband to support herself and her son by diving in rain and cold for long hours and peddling her catch from door to door. Her prize possession is an old cow capable of bearing just one more calf. When her son loses the stud fee, he enlists the help of an attractive schoolgirl who has rattled her pencil box at him and whose father owns a bull. This leads to complications the development of which carries the story to its end.

But the book is not just about what happens to a young couple who fall

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in love, or about a stubborn woman who has made her way through life by herself. (Mr. Kim describes the fisherwoman's walk along a path past many grave mounds: "Before any of these graves she felt she could weep out her loneliness, for any of the mounds might cover the remains of her parents, whom she could not remember.") It is truly a story of the Korean earth. Sharing importance with the human characters, actually operating as they do in the story, are animals —the fisherwoman's bull, born of the old cow—and such objects as her *dyun bak* or diving gourd (which floats in the water and holds the first catch while she dives for more) and, at the very end of the book, the moon. These must vie for attention with human beings with wonderful names like Song Sparrow and Three Months Widow Nun.

Probably no novel of contemporary Korea could fail to mention the war and the talkative "Jesus people." However, the anti-clerical feeling of the simple country men, at least of one of them who has been drinking, is measured out as fully to Buddhists as to Christians. "I saw a monk once eat twice as much meat as a layman does, and he had two wives. . . . As monks do not work, they cannot sleep, so they get up at midnight and think up strange ways to tell us to think. If I think, I do not understand many things I already know; then I become angry."

If you want to know something about the real rural life in Korea, this book is a rare find.

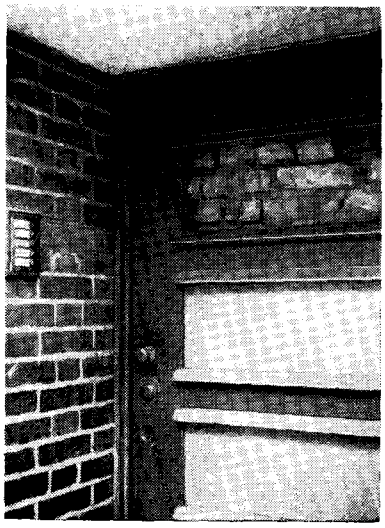
KITTEN'S STUFFED SHIRT: From time to time a new novel comes along that is so replete with gutter profanity, and so remorselessly concerned with the concupiscent activities of its principal characters, that a reviewer begins to ask himself what useful literary end is likely to be served by the publication of such material. "**One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding,**" by Robert Gover (Grove, $3.95), is a good example of this kind of publishing venture. As an experiment in prurience it is modestly successful. As a vehicle in which the author can display his ability to record colloquial speech, it is even more successful. But as a work of comedy fiction it is frequently dull and witless, and as a commentary on various aspects of contemporary American life it is tedious, banal, and astonishingly vulgar.

The setting of the novel is a nameless Southern college town. The story is told, in alternate chapters, from two points of view, first from that of James Cartwright Holland, a nineteen-year-old student who visits a local brothel, and then from that of Kitten, the fourteen-year-old colored prostitute who services him there. J. C. Holland is a stuffed shirt, a fatuous, hypocritical Southern bourgeois, and much of the humor is supposed to come from the way in which he inadvertently reveals his own shabby character. It is a splendid device—in the hands of a Ring Lardner. Mr. Gover handles it with great clumsiness. J. C. Holland is thoroughly unbelievable, and his inner dialogue endlessly repetitious.

Kitten is an only partly realized character. The author will probably be disconcerted to learn that at least one reader found her a highly romanticized figure: illiterate, crude, in no profound or touching way distressed by the appalling life she has been forced into, yet the possessor of—we are supposed to believe—fine natural understanding and much instinctive wisdom. She is, indeed, a kind of modern noble-savage-in-the-stews, who "digs" jazz, wears as little clothing as possible, is opposed to atomic warfare, and is therefore an ideally "hip" spokesman for the author to use in making his critical comments on the state of our very imperfect society.

According to the dust jacket, Henry Miller is recommending this book to "everyone." One wonders how grateful "everyone" will be for the recommendation. —WILLIAM WISE.

CITY DIVIDED: Before the Berlin Wall was made impenetrable the girl at lower right crossed the city to the Western sector to be married. By the time the marriage ceremony was over the barrier was complete. She is shown on her wedding day waving good-byes to mother and grandmother (above) caught in the Eastern sector. In these early days a temporary wall was effected by sealing off houses (like the one at lower left) on or too near the border. Incidents similar to the one pictured here are a small part of the story of "**The Berlin Wall,**" by David and Deane Heller (Walker, $4.50).



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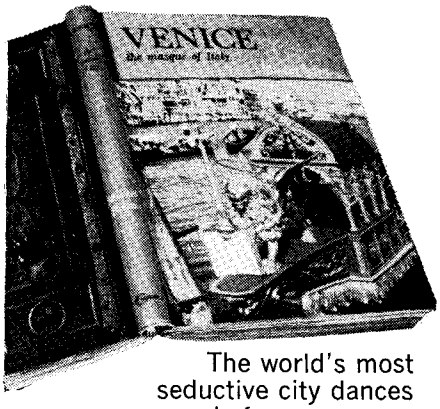

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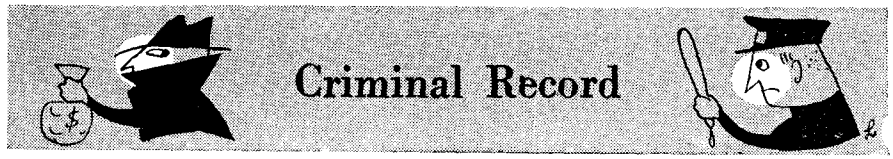

THE HATCHET MEN. *By Richard H. Dillon. Coward-McCann.* $5.95. This comprehensive narrative of the tong wars in San Francisco's Chinatown is a briskly readable history supported by superb Arnold Genthe photographs. It took the Deity to end the business: the earthquake and fire of 1906.

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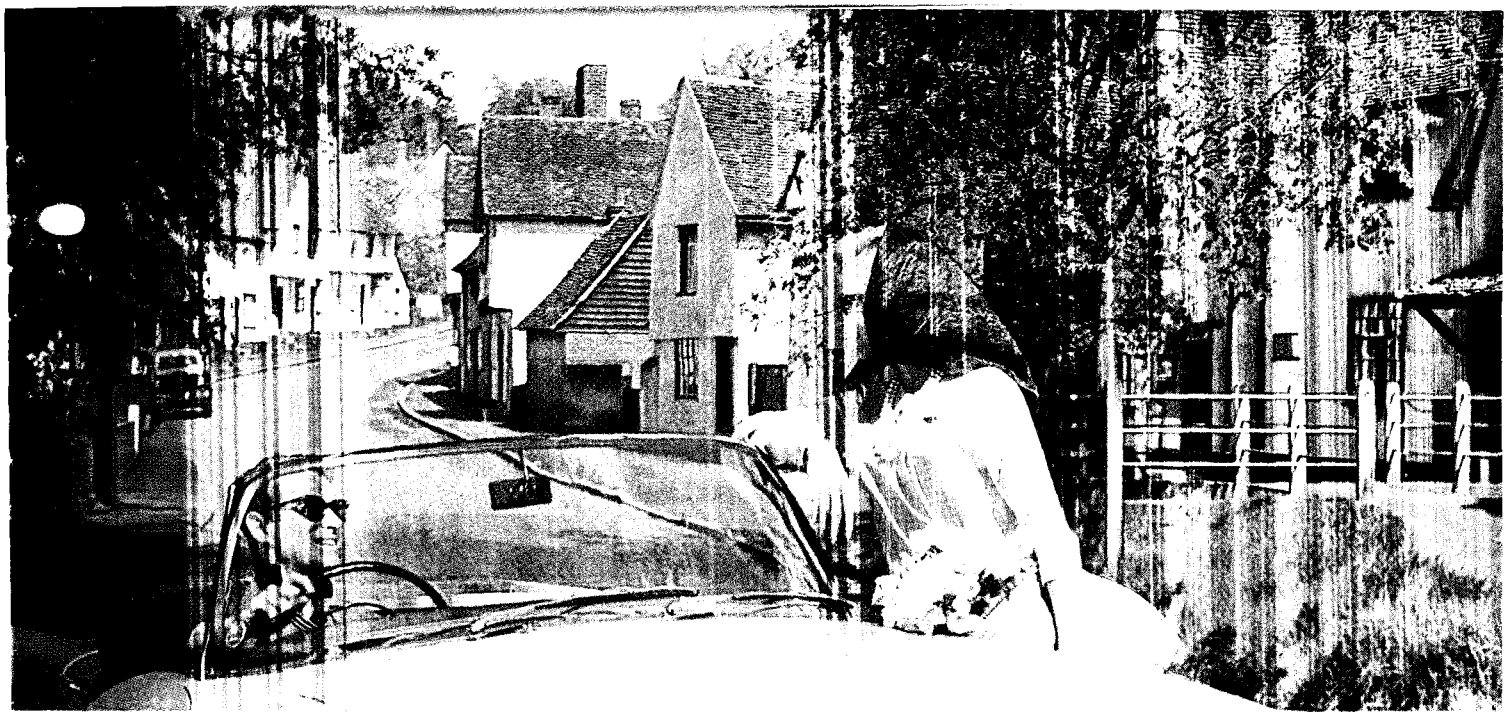

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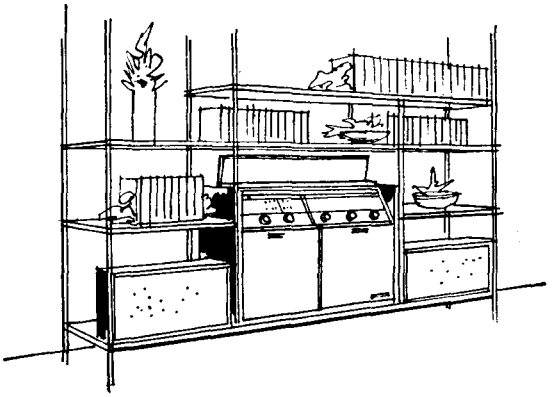

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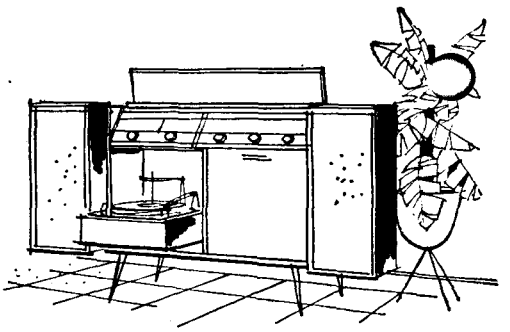

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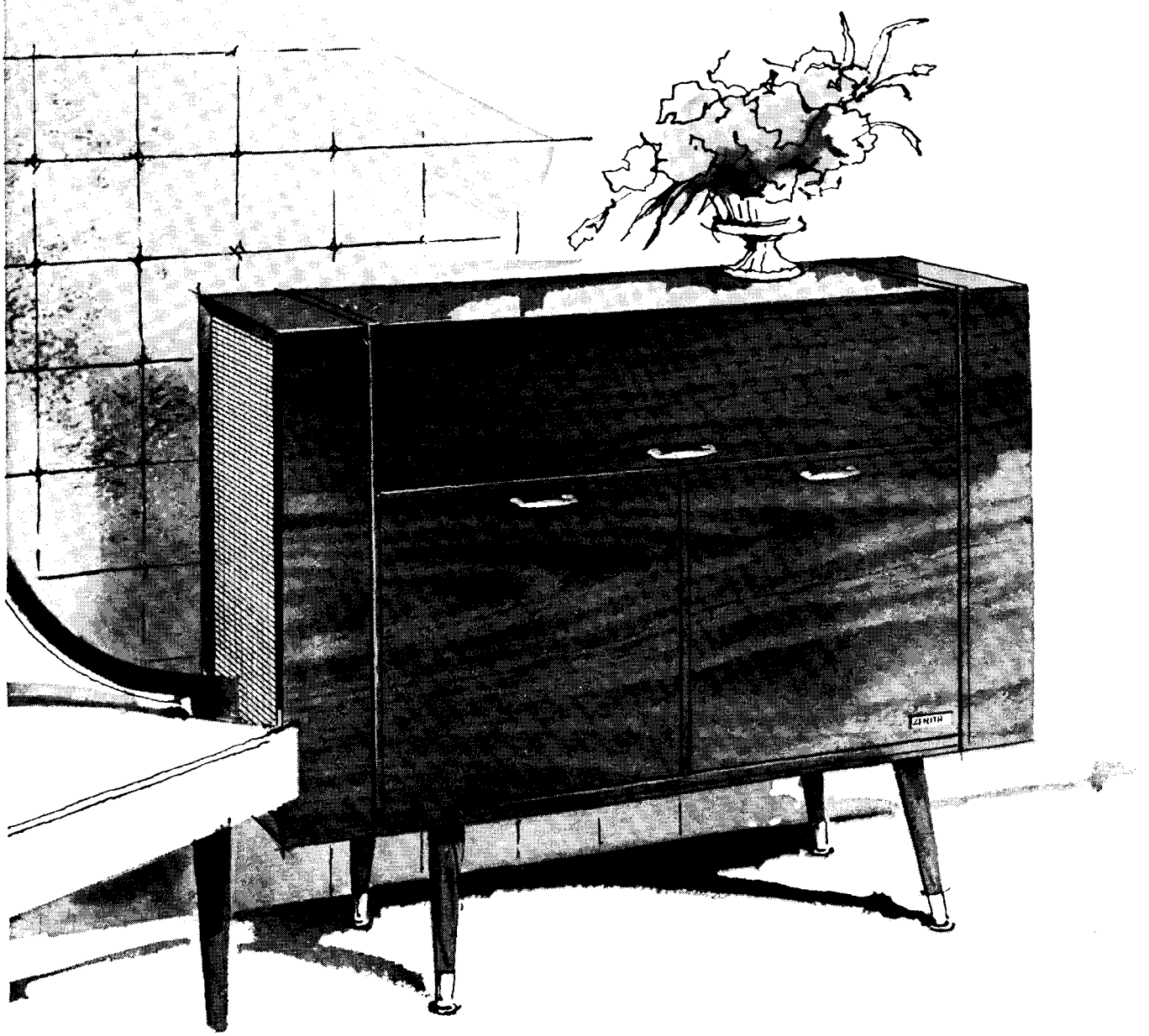

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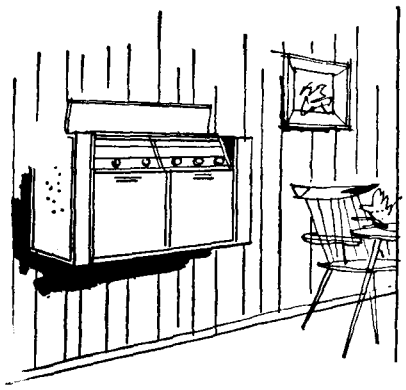

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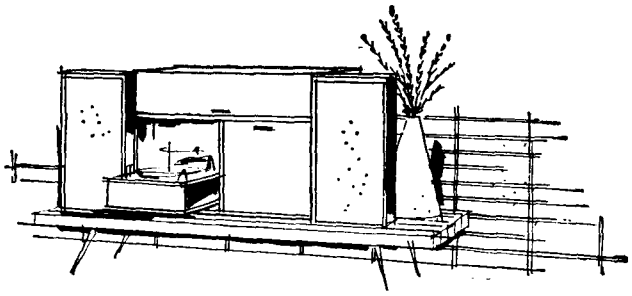

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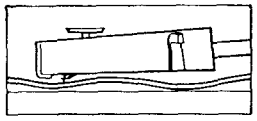

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The Mark of the Crooked Cross

"The Nuremberg Trial: A History of Nazi Germany as Revealed Through the Testimony at Nuremberg," by Joe J. Heydecker and Johannes Leeb, *translated from the German by R. A. Downie (World. 398 pp. $6), bares a regime whose cruelty has never been surpassed. John H. Herz, professor of political science at City College in New York, wrote "International Politics in the Atomic Age" and the section on Germany in his and G. M. Carter's "Major Foreign Powers."*

By JOHN H. HERZ

LIBRARIES have been filled with writings about the war crimes trials, their legal problems, their moral and political implications. The authors of this book had a more modest aim: to trace, with the aid of the Nuremberg documents, the history of the Nazis' rise to and use of power. Although they rarely go beyond what was said and read at the first and chief Nuremberg trial, they succeed surprisingly well. It is astonishing how the findings of the trial have stood the test of time. What was revealed at that early point shows, in all its stark and gruesome particulars, that this was not, as revisionists have it, "victor's justice" or "victor's vengeance" but a verdict based on a fundamentally sound interpretation of what had happened. Subsequent trials, including Eichmann's, have added little except fuller details, and historiography since 1946 has given little cause for revision (again, except for detail).

This volume can therefore serve as a kind of textbook introducing the reader to the history of a regime whose cruelty has never been surpassed. One would wish the book a large audience, especially in the country where the guilty or affected generation has for the most part elected to overcome its "undigested" past by repression of memory, but where a new generation is eager to learn about and from the sins and errors of its elders.

Yet an emphasis on Nazi terrorism often makes us forget that the German people as a whole identified themselves with much of Hitler's program, especially his foreign and war policies; indeed, putting the onus on a few leaders today frequently serves as exculpation for all the others. In his recent and important book "German Catholics and Hitler's Wars," Gordon Zahn has shown that even outstanding leaders of groups with non-Nazi standards, men who courageously resisted certain policies of the regime, identified themselves fervently with aggressive war and expansionist war aims.

This raises the question whether and how such nationalistic identification can be avoided in an age where the individual is ever more integrated into society and made to accept its controlling standards. We refer not only to the danger that totalitarian nihilism may again get hold of a nation or a region—as most recently exemplified by the OAS in Algeria—but also to the more and more coordinated and uniform reactions of the masses of the people in the non-totalitarian societies, especially during foreign policy crises with all their hysteria. The history of Nazi totalitarianism reminds us that the fate of a country—and today quite possibly the survival of mankind—may depend on whether there remain chances to oppose and resist policies and decisions which in the case of nuclear war would (in their effects at least) surpass even Nazi atrocities.

Albert Speer, most "rational" among the Nuremberg defendants, perceived these implications with remarkable foresight.

> This war [he said in his concluding statement] has ended with remote-controlled rockets and atom bombs. . . . In five or ten years' time the technique of war will have made it possible to fire rockets from continent to continent . . . able to destroy a million people in the center of New York within seconds. . . . Every country in the world now stands in danger of being terrorized by technical means. The more technical the world becomes, the more necessary is the demand for individual freedom and independent thought as a counterweight. . . . This trial must be a contribution toward preventing wars in the future and in laying down the fundamental laws of human co-existence.

We may well heed this advice if we want to survive.

Who Killed the Four Thousand?

"Death in the Forest: The Story of the Katyn Forest Massacre," by J. K. Zawodny *(University of Notre Dame Press. 235 pp. $6.50), probes a tragic mystery of World War II. Henry C. Wolfe, author of "The Imperial Soviets," is a long-time student of Polish and Soviet affairs.*

By HENRY C. WOLFE

BEFORE World War II, the gloomy forest of Katyn, near Smolensk, was reported to be a "special zone for the Soviet secret police." The region first made world headlines in April 1943, when the Nazis announced that their troops had found the bodies of several thousand murdered Polish prisoners buried in the forest. The Nazis accused the Russians of the crime. The Kremlin countered that the massacre was the work of "the German-Fascist hangmen."

J. K. Zawodny has exhaustively investigated the monstrous, mystery-shrouded affair, and publishes his conclusion in "Death in the Forest." A former Polish anti-Nazi underground fighter and now associate professor of political science at the University of Pennsylvania, Dr. Zawodny has been aided in his research by an impressive number of university authorities and former government officials involved in the Katyn investigations. His sources included the Library of Congress, the Hoover Library at Stanford, and the Princeton University Faculty Research Committee. The result is an objective, painstakingly documented report that, unless additional information is revealed some day from Moscow's secret files, will remain the definitive work on the subject.

WHEN the Nazis accused the Soviets of the Katyn slaughters, few gave them credence. The Nazis' record of atrocities, even against their own people, barred them from a respectful hearing. But the Polish Government-in-Exile, which had been vainly trying for nearly three years to trace 15,000 missing Poles taken prisoner by the Russians, asked the International Red Cross to investigate the Katyn crime. Denouncing "Hitler's Polish collaborators," the

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Kremlin broke relations with the Government-in-Exile.

From his own underground experience the author knew "what it means to be hunted on the streets [by the Nazis] like an animal, for being a Pole or a Jew." More important, he knew that the Soviets and Nazis had collaborated in the destruction of Poland. He started his Katyn research on the premise that "the executioners could have worn either swastikas or red stars on their uniforms."

Scrupulously sifting every shred of available evidence from far-flung sources, interviewing numerous survivors of Polish prison camps in Russia, and weaving a tortuous way through tangled wartime politics and propaganda, Dr. Zawodny pieced together a mosaic of facts that shaped themselves into a finger of accusation.

Of top significance was the time of the massacre. The Russians insisted that the Poles had been executed in the fall of 1941. The Nazis argued that they had been killed earlier, while still prisoners of the Soviet. Polish anti-Nazi underground agents learned that all the letters, clippings, and diaries found on the more than 4,000 Katyn bodies were dated not later than April-May 1940. Not one letter dated later than the spring of 1940 was ever received by relatives of the missing 15,000 Poles. The remaining 11,000 men have never been accounted for. Not since Genghis Khan, reportedly, has there been such a mass murder of military prisoners.

AFTER more than two decades, the brutal fate of the Polish prisoners still affects relations between Poles and the Soviet Union. The murder victims were doctors, lawyers, scientists, journalists, teachers—the very men who would have provided leadership for postwar Poland. Their loss was tragic both for their families and the new Poland. Dr. Zawodny's findings indict the Kremlin.

Woodrow Wilson's intimate correspondence with the woman he loved

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Architect of Death

"Heydrich: Hitler's Most Evil Henchman," by Charles Wighton *(Chilton. 288 pp. $5.50), illuminates the shadowy figure who planned and carried out the destruction of most of Europe's Jews. Foreign correspondent Quentin Reynolds's reports from the European front in World War II are well known.*

By QUENTIN REYNOLDS

IN MAY 1942 Josef Gabcik and Jan Kubis, two Czech army officers who had been given intensive training by the British in the art of assassination, were dropped into occupied Czechoslovakia. Their orders, which came from the British Secret Service, were simple: "Kill Reinhard Heydrich."

The two heroic men accomplished their suicidal mission, thus eliminating a man who was undoubtedly the most effective mass murderer of all time. Heydrich was the supreme architect who planned and carried out the extermination of six million Jews and, at the time of his death, was working on the blueprint that would (had Germany won the war) eventually be used in the liquidation of thirty million Slavs.

Since 1945 the name Heydrich has been a symbol of all that was evil in Nazi Germany, but he has always been one of the great mysteries of the Hitler period. Despite repeated references to him in postwar memoirs of former Nazis and other books about Hitler's Germany, he has remained a shadowy figure, and little was known of his background, his mind, his character, and his motives.

Charles Wighton, a British newspaper correspondent, brings valid credentials to the task of explaining Heydrich. For nearly twenty years Germany has been his specialty. In "Heydrich" he has written the definitive work on the head of the *Sicherheitsdienst* (Secret Police) and real master of the Gestapo. In collecting hitherto unpublished material on the role Heydrich played, the author not only received the full cooperation of American, British, and Soviet officials who opened their files to him, but also that of Heydrich's widow. The result is a well-documented and eminently readable book that brings not only Heydrich but other Nazi leaders to life as perhaps no other book has done.

Reinhard Heydrich—"most effective mass murderer of all time."

Reinhard Heydrich was no Adolf Eichmann or Heinrich Himmler who believed blindly in the German tradition established by Frederick the Great, *"Befehl ist Befehl"* (an order is an order), and that authority is unchallengeable. He was an innovator, an imaginative executive, and the only orders he ever carried out literally were those he received directly from Hitler; and Wighton makes it clear that he had a great deal more influence on Hitler than did his nominal superior, the sketchily educated Himmler, an unsuccessful fertilizer salesman in pre-Nazi days, whom Hitler once called a "crank and a lightweight." Heydrich had an uncanny ability to manipulate men for his own aims. Not even Goebbels or Goering could outwit him. The blundering Himmler soon became his docile puppet, and, had he lived, his secret dream of eventually succeeding Hitler might well have materialized.

Heydrich was a complex man with the kind of family and background not usually associated with an enthusiastic mass murderer or, for that matter, with anyone belonging to the Nazi hierarchy. The files left by Himmler, Martin Bormann, and Walter Schellenberg (his closest SS associate) all agree that Heydrich's maternal grandmother was part Jewish. Himmler told intimates that he had discussed this with Hitler but that the Fuehrer had such regard for Heydrich's peculiar talents that he conveniently overlooked the blot on the ancestral escutcheon.

Heydrich had been raised as a devc

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Roman Catholic by his pious mother, but when Hitler came to power he became an apostate, and his hatred for priests (especially Jesuits) was almost ıthological. At the German equivalent . high school the records divulge that young Reinhard was not only the most brilliant student in the graduating class, and a musical prodigy of great promise, but was the finest all-around athlete in the school.

He joined the regular Navy, and after nine years was a lieutenant. In his spare time he played the violin expertly, and became an enthusiastic Girl Watcher. Girls flocked to this tall, slim, gay, sophisticated naval officer, and he was always willing and available. He became engaged to lovely Lina von Osten, a situation complicated by the fact that he had caused the equally ravishing daughter of an important industrialist to become pregnant. He refused to wed the pregnant girl, and when he was married to Lina he was cashiered out of the German Navy for conduct unbecoming to an officer.

At the age of twenty-seven he found himself one of Germany's six million unemployed. His wife, an ardent Nazi sympathizer, suggested that he join the Party and apply to Heinrich Himmler for a job. This was repugnant to the snobbish ex-naval staff officer, but he vent to see Himmler, then SS leader in lunich. That meeting triggered the eventual destruction of most of European Jewry.

The dramatic story of Heydrich's rapid rise to power and how he bested Roehm, Goering, and Goebbels in every test of strength belongs to Charles Wighton. In his assiduous research on both sides of the Iron Curtain the author discovered copies of hundreds of letters written by Heydrich to the master Nazis, as well as letters they had written to him. Never intended for publication, these reveal the character and personality of Nazi leaders who, up to the present time, we have known only as bloodless figures.

This book is as exciting as an Eric Ambler thriller, and it presents monsters often as grotesque as the macabre villains we have been fascinated by in "Coffin for Dimitrios" and "Journey Into Fear." Ambler invented his repulsive characters. Charles Wighton didn't have to invent his. He merely introduces us to them.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. beautify, 2. virtuous, 3. squeeze, 4. anxious, 5. bivouac, 6. pirouette, 7. acquiesce, 8. igneous, 9. acquaintance, 10. aqueous, 11. squeamish, 12. flambeau, 13. fleeing, 14. disquiet, 15. queued.

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Calories

Continued from page 17

Consent" only 340,000.) The profits for everyone concerned were enormous. Taller got about 60 cents for every copy sold, which would make his share something more than $650,000. Simon and Schuster's profit is more difficult to establish precisely, but "Calories" was probably the most profitable single book of the year.

Sales might still be rolling in had it not been for two things that happened late last year. CDC began promoting its capsules with a brochure containing the meat of Taller's book and a picture of its cover. Retailers, at about the same time, began displaying the book and the capsules together.

When Essandess heard of this, it went into a panic. The shipping room began enclosing in every copy of the book a circular that said: "This book is sold by the publishers on the condition that it will not be displayed, advertised, or sold in conjunction with the sale of any food or dietetic product." Grossman wrote Edward Bobley a stern little letter demanding that Cove drop all references to "Calories Don't Count" from its literature. Grossman insisted that Essandess had not approved such action, and Bobley maintained that it had. The matter is now the subject of a lawsuit by Cove and a counter-suit by Simon and Schuster, both awaiting trial.

The reason for the consternation was the firm's knowledge that use of the book to promote a drug could subject it to seizure by the Food and Drug Administration as a deceptive "label." And Simon and Schuster is savvy enough in the ways of publicity to know that this would be disastrous for sales. But despite the initial precautions, reports began reaching Grossman and others that FDA action was imminent, so the word went to the printers to eliminate the references to Cove and several other items that had been challenged. (Some other changes had been made even earlier.)

On January 23 the FDA struck, seizing a consignment of capsules and books in Brooklyn. In the last weeks of May and the first week of June, Assistant U.S. Attorney Martin Pollner took depositions from some of the principals in the case—Grossman, Myerson, Berger, Miss Kneerim, and Taller. Taller's alone ran to more than 600 pages.

Before he had finished, however, Cove signed a consent agreement—because, it said, Essandess refused to defend the theories of its own book. Essandess denied this. Whatever the reason, the trial never came off, and the depositions remained on a dusty shelf in Brooklyn. It was only when Commissioner Larrick issued his statement, based largely on the depositions, that the case attracted wide publicity. Where it was most intense, sales fell almost to nothing; where it was light, they held up well.

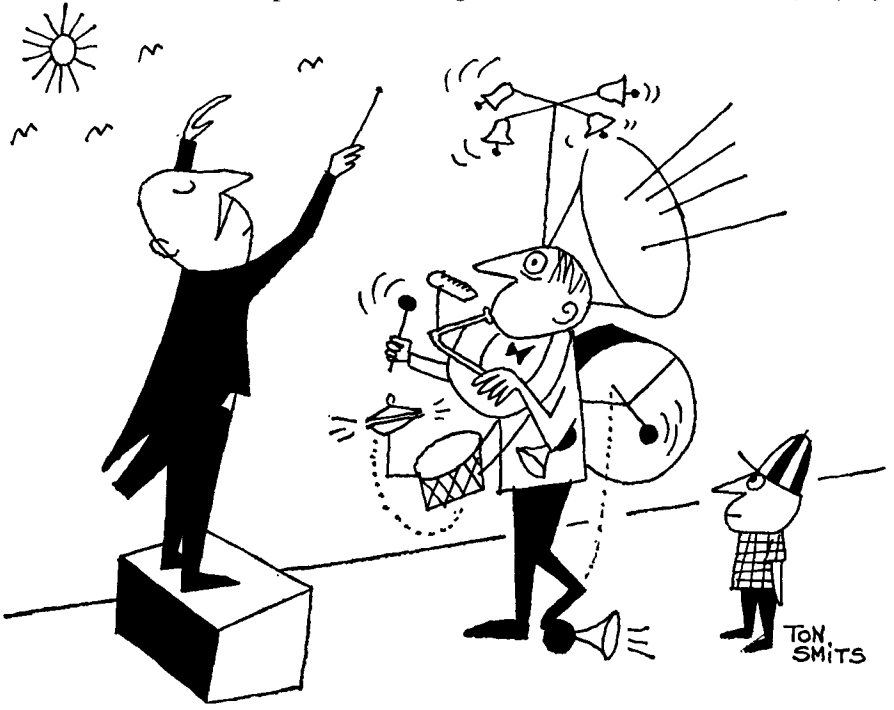
Taller has moved to a plush new office on the East Side of Manhattan, and there he continues to use his theories to treat the overweight. He is about as accessible to reporters as Greta Garbo. After several weeks, he agreed to see me to discuss this article, and I agreed to send him a list of questions. Two days later, I got a curt note from his attorney saying he would not permit his client to talk with me because of pending lawsuits. But I did talk with Taller long enough for him to tell me, in his strangely fervent voice, that he still had "complete faith" in his theories, and that he was still achieving unprecedented results.

That may be true, but it would seem likely that the results occur in spite of, rather than because of, his theories. Two possible explanations suggest themselves, and both seem reasonable to nutritionists to whom I have related them. Patients drinking as much as three ounces of safflower oil a day may simply become nauseated, and that may force them to take in fewer calories than they used to. The sample menu drawn up by Taller himself provides fewer than 3,000 calories, and some people may lose weight on that. Both suggestions may be wrong; but there is no doubt that Taller's patients—if they are losing weight—are somehow burning up more calories than they are taking in. There is not a scintilla of doubt in the medical community that calories *do* count.

And what of Simon and Schuster? On the surface, the firm is not at all abashed by its experience. It *has* modified the text, but it continues to put out both the hard-cover and paperback versions of the book. Schwed defends his decision to publish it, and tends to treat its critics as hopelessly naïve idealists. When I asked him whether the tone of the book wasn't rather reckless, he replied: "Look, this thing was intended to sell to the public, not to doctors. It was a high-pressure book, for mail-order advertising. It was to appeal to all the fatties who are tired of counting calories. The phraseology is the way it is because that's what made it sell more than a million copies."

As a cynical, hard-bitten approach to publishing, this statement would seem hard to beat. In any case, those who regard book publishing as a serious and distinguished profession may be surprised to learn of Essandess's casual definition of responsibility.

Still, Schwed concedes that Berger's stock ownership was "indiscreet," and the elimination of the Cove reference in current editions seems to constitute an admission that it, too, was unwise. And there is a story about a manuscript called "Fallout in Foods," submitted to Essandess some weeks ago. "Eighteen months ago," Schwed told me, "before 'Calories Don't Count,' we would have had a contract signed by this stage of the game. But we don't. I've sent the book around to a lot of people who are interested in fallout. Some of them are pretty unenthusiastic, and I'm not sure we'll do the book. I'd like to, because I *think it's interesting, but I'm not* sure. . . ."



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MUSIC TO MY EARS

A Winning Deal for "Ernani"—Bumbry

EARLY Verdi has rarely sounded more verdant at the Metropolitan Opera in recent years than it does in the current restoration of "Ernani." A new hand of singers expertly shuffled by Thomas Schippers provides both the face and the spot cards to meet every demand of a score whose simple construction conceals a host of vocal defiles. But an uncommonly well-balanced quartet of principals (Leontyne Price at the high end and Jerome Hines at the bottom, with Franco Corelli and Cornell MacNeil between) are manifesting the power and fervor of Verdi's first full revelation of things to come in a resounding kind of operatic pleasure.

Indeed, all has changed for the better with the Metropolitan's "Ernani" save the Esteban Frances production, which was introduced in the season of 1956-57. Its nonproductive changes of locale (two exteriors for the interiors specified in the text) and rather flimsy onstruction—save for the beautifully realized scene of Charlemagne's tomb—are no more compulsive a factor in the results than before. But, at least, they provide the platforms and walk-around space in which the excellent principals and some well-chosen subordinate singers are proclaiming the eloquent message of a genius in the heat of discovering his true voice.

The transition in musical styles from the solo-ensemble, ensemble-solo formulas of Donizetti and other predecessors to the deeper character drawing of the Verdi operas to come finds the composer still working in the frame of opera as he found it, but already the surge and eloquence of his tidal wave of feeling are beginning to test its restraints. And with the tidal wave came cross-currents of emotion beginning with Elvira's "Ernani, involami," proceeding with Silva's "Infelice," and reaching a climax in "O sommo Carlo" from Don Carlo, the first full-formed "Verdi baritone."

What is especially gratifying with the current quartet of singers is the ability to backdate their competence in such later works as "Rigoletto," "Aïda," "Don Carlo," etc., without stylistic abuse or lack of agility in a more florid vocal line. Purists may note with some satisfaction that "Infelice" has been restored to its Verdian place (it is now interrupting Act I, whereas formerly it was interrupting Act IV), while deploring such other "innovations" as posturing ballet girls in the first scene to suggest, with voluptuous decorum, "loose" companions of the bandits.

However, what matters with "Ernani" is how well it is being sung and conducted, and the answer is: very well. In the instance of Miss Price, that is more or less in the category of the expectable, giving the kind of vocal condition she (and we) are enjoying this season. The plus-two-octave span of Elvira's famous aria brings in a low B flat that is no more comfortable for this soprano's throat than for any other's, but she does perform the embellishments (in the original key) with finely conscientious musicality while developing a dramatic conception—mostly regal bearing—that makes a possibly silly part reasonably believable. And a basso of Hine's solid power is always a sturdy pinion of support to an ensemble, fortifying this one further by the conviction he brings these days to the overburdened fathers, frustrated uncles, and deceived elderly husbands who are an operatic basso's lot.

However, unexpected kinds of gratification are being provided not only by Cornell MacNeil as Carlo but especially by Franco Corelli as Ernani. As stalwart another "Don Giovanni" (his true rank is John of Aragon) as one could imagine, he is also caressing the melodic line more than has sometimes been his pleasure. For purity of ringing sound, this is a kind of tenorizing that hasn't been heard in such a part hereabouts for years. Relative, also, to his Manrico, this is disciplined singing that Corelli is doing, though he cannot restrain himself from holding his top tones (a good many not specified by Verdi) a fraction longer than anybody else, or from addressing his protestations of love squarely to the conductor (rather than to Elvira).

In MacNeil's case it is wholly a matter of getting maximum service from his always splendid sound and imposing presence. Indoctrination at La Scala has provided a source of confidence for his Carlo that has not always prevailed in other parts. He is now turning phrases and venturing dynamic shadings that are a delight to hear, especially in a part for which they are indispensable. Having demonstrated his ability to do these extra things which distinguish the fine artist from the merely good one, MacNeil should strive to maintain this standard as his norm.

As for Schippers, he has returned after a year's absence with enthusiasm unabated but considerably more command of the means to make it count.

Thus he drew fine sound from the orchestra and chorus without overconducting his principals, who may be presumed to be reasonably self-reliant. There was, also, good articulation of detail in the orchestral part, testifying to sound knowledge of the score, and always relevant tempi. Rounding out the ensemble with singers of the quality of Roald Reitan as Jago, Robert Nagy as Riccardo, and Margaret Roggero as Giovanna gave proper value to their places in the Verdian scheme.

Henry Butler's stage direction is mostly well conceived, another expression of his good feeling for the movement and contrast of operatic groupings. The set, of course, lacks all the secret doors and concealed hiding places that make Hugo's original a prime period piece, but this is, at least, an "Ernani" where you can close your eyes and imagine that it looks as good as it sounds.

GRACE BUMBRY's debut at Carnegie Hall (she has already sung at Bayreuth and in the White House) provided some immediate pleasure but also a mental query or two as to which part of her present description—mezzo-soprano—will eventually prevail. It is the kind of voice that goes up much more easily than it goes down, a trend that seems rather pronounced for the future. Its center of gravity is a fresh, clear, and vibrant middle register, highly suitable for the Schubert, Brahms, and Strauss lieder which made most of her program. Her command of German is more than able, and she has the quick kind of sensitivity to differentiate between the moods of Schubert's "Der Doppelgänger" (which carried her uncomfortably low) and the Brahms "Von ewiger Liebe." She hardly has the weight for Schubert's "Dem Unendlichen"—few singers do—but such a song at Liszt's "Es muss ein Wunderbares sein" was joyful singing. Franz Rupp's guidance at the piano provided, vicariously, some of the subtlety that a recitalist in her twenties can hardly provide from personal experience. Just now she is inclined to overmuch body motion and hand clasping, which lessen rather than intensify the effect she could, and must, achieve by voice alone. There is little doubt, however, that Miss Bumbry has the qualities to make a distinguished career.

On the same evening a few floors higher up in Carnegie Recital Hall, Gunther Schuller initiated a new series

(*Continued on page* 59)

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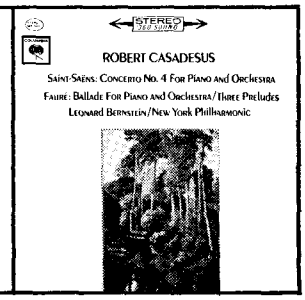
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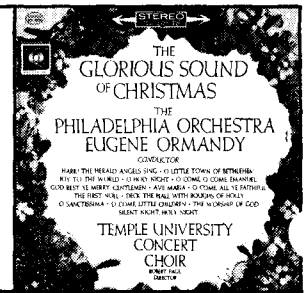

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-Eugene Cook.

PHILHARMONIC HALL UP TO DATE

SR/RECORDINGS

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR **66**

By IRVING KOLODIN

TWO MONTHS and a day after it was opened with appropriately ceremonial flourishes on September 23, Philharmonic Hall in Lincoln Center remains a joy for those who come only to watch, an enigma to many of those who perform, a source of conversation, comparison, and some complaint among those whose business it is to listen and report. Only the uninformed regard the current conditions as the enduring ones; only the misinformed speak glibly of major "changes," "refinements," or "alterations" in its acoustical character since it was opened.

So far as can be determined, the only significant alteration in arrangement since the opening has been the elevation of the acoustical canopy over the stage to approximately thirty-two feet for orchestral concerts, from a previous position of twenty-seven. For recitals, it may be substantially lower, the "trim" at a recent piano recital by Robert Goldsand being identified by the attendant in charge as twenty-three feet. This canopy acts, among other things, on the reverberation period of the sound, which is to say its "liveness." The change from twenty-seven to thirty-two feet was introduced to enhance "liveness."

This does not mean that everybody hears the same thing. There is practically no hall in the world in which everybody does (unless it is so bad there are *no* good seats). A recent English visitor to New York who was listening to the Musikvereinssaal in Vienna being extolled as the criterion by which the aims of Philharmonic Hall were gauged said: "You know, it has dull spots too, and more than a few bad seats." Unfortunately, in the drum beating that preceded the opening of Philharmonic Hall there was an immoderate amount of immodest publicity confidently declaring it would be among the "great halls" of the world and that it would have no dead spots, [unlike, so it was suggested, nearby Carnegie Hall]. Well, Carnegie Hall still remains the criterion for an or-

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chestral hall in New York City and until Philharmonic Hall's conditions can be amended to equal or surpass it, some of these claims should be quietly suppressed and their memory muffled forever.

By an ironic paradox, the seats in Philharmonic Hall where an orchestra can be heard best are the cheapest, in the second "terrace" or top balcony. This is true also of its "arms" extending toward the stage. Because there is no overhang, as is the case with the arms of the first terrace and loge, there is nothing to muffle the sound, and it can be heard free, clear, and relatively well balanced.

By another irony, the area with the largest number of expensive seats—the orchestral floor—provides a lesser number of satisfactory locations. The very front seats and those in the extreme rear have the disadvantages of such locations anywhere, being either too close or too far away. But the number of really good ones in the preferred intermediate area is also smaller than it should be. This is due, in my wholly nonscientific, empiric judgment, to the conditions of the stage where the sound is created. Unfortunately, these are the portions of the hall in which the listening and reporting press are most likely to be located, and they have been hearing one thing on one occasion, another on a different one, as orchestras and recitalists come and go. Necessarily, some are more resourceful than others in accommodating themselves to the current conditions in which they perform.

Emphasis is put on "the current conditions" for two reasons. They are, by the definition of the acoustical consultant himself, designed to be flexible. And it has been his persistent position that it will take a year to "tune" the hall properly. True, much time and money was invested in a "tuning week" last June that was widely publicized as preparing the way for optimum results. But even the untutored eye could see that the hall was not in June as it would be in September. The permanent floor of the stage had not been laid; the trim around the stage area had not been installed. And acoustical consultant Leo Beranek makes note of further discrepancies: the installation of the organ pipes over the summer, laying of carpets, hanging of permanent lighting fixtures of such size and number that they, alone, might very well have affected what was considered "the level of perfection" (the quote is Beranek's) achieved at the end of tuning week. Moreover, as the permanent organ was not ready for use when the hall was opened, an electronic instrument was substituted, with a good deal of gear around the stage area that might also affect the distribution of high and low frequencies.

It is just this failure of proportionate projection which constitutes the enigma, motivates the complaints. Brilliance the hall has, and liveness. It has a fabulous clarity of detail in high middle and upper frequency of sound. But it becomes opaque in the medium range and it is disconcertingly weak in low string and woodwind registers (contra bassoons as well as the viola-cello crossover and the downward reach of double basses). These are the source of fundamentals from which the overtones emerge to form a satisfying blend with the higher instruments. Lacking them, sound has to be what it now is in Philharmonic Hall: patchy and without a satisfactory blend.

So far as evaluation of the problem is concerned, both terminology and measuring devices are much more abundant than at any time past. Hundreds of well-schooled men have made a profession of critical listening in recording and broadcasting studios here and abroad in the last two decades. They not only know what they are talking about, but also speak a common language. And Beranek himself has made an enormously useful contribution to the whole subject with the publication of "Music, Acoustics, and Architecture" (John Wiley and Sons, $15.00 until January 1, 1963, $17.50 thereafter). A product of more than five years of research, study, and survey of fifty-four halls in America, Europe, and South America, it brings together a quantity of data on the subject immeasurably more complete than anything so far.

From his studies, graphs, and cross-sections of the areas studied, Beranek has compiled a mammoth encyclopedia acoustica of the world's representative auditoria. What should work acoustically, and what can't, the relation of direct and reflected sound, the ratio of cubic volume to auditory excellence, the influence of various building materials on the quality of sound—these are but a few of the respects in which the many halls are documented and evaluated. Beranek discredits, as the mythology of acoustics, the contention that a hall may "improve" with age, or that an abandoned well under the orchestra floor of one hall, or the broken bottles under the stage of another, have anything to do with its acoustical character.

All of this is absorbing in the extreme, a contribution of incalculable value to the knowledge of a subject which Beranek determined to prove was a science. But how precise? How approximate? Is sound in the raw, as measured on meters and scopes, the source of an esthetic experience, or is it just the base metal which has to be refined, purified, perhaps even falsified in order to produce the results that gratify a discriminating ear?

Inasmuch as the culmination of the book deals with the planning for Philharmonic Hall, I presume that Dr. Beranek believes that the proportions arrived at from all these studies, plus the effect of the acoustical clouds which form a kind of false ceiling or reflecting surface over the playing area and much of the listening space, should secure the desired objective—nothing less than a "great hall." Or as he put it in a statement of his own: "The ultimate measure is how well music sounds in it, and how well the hall serves the comfort and convenience of its audience. These were the standards set for Philharmonic Hall."

Two months of listening in Philharmonic Hall have presented a sufficiently wide range of experience to permit some general conclusions. That the hall and its surroundings designed by Max Abramovitz serve well "the comfort and convenience of its audience" there is no doubt. The shell that encloses the auditorium, as well as insulating it from street and subway noise, is interesting to the eye and gratefully "alive" when illuminated. The auditorium invites participation, promotes attention, and sustains whatever mood is created by the performer, without intrusion or distraction. It is, allowing for variation in taste of colors, decor, etc., a splendid solution of the problem.

Some impression of "how well music sounds in it" has already been stated. I would like to see a major effort expended on amending its shortcomings (deficiency on the bass end) without jeopardizing the merits it possesses in abundance, clarity of detail, distribution of low levels of sound over large areas without loss of intensity. To hear a timpani throb in the Bruckner E major (recently conducted by Karl Boehm) as distinctly as it carried to the rear row of the second terrace is to recognize that a high degree of success has been obtained in very treacherous territory.

But it may well be that the very means of achieving this success—the overhead panels or clouds—are functioning disproportionately where bass tones or sound with another vibrational pattern are concerned. Some listeners at the opening concert thought they heard the effects of amplification. What they heard was natural sound subject to conditions that cause distortion under *inept* amplification—overstress on the high end, a faulty proportion of emphasis from bottom to top.

Some suggestive comment to this

(*Continued on page* 64)

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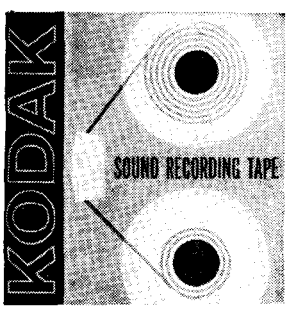

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The Professional Cachet

FIFTEEN hundred dollars today can buy an audio system of indisputably high quality for the home. It will also buy one monaural tape recorder for the broadcast studio—less case. Because home high-fidelity components are descended from studio equipment, and are so much lower in cost than their professional cousins, many audiophiles have a lingering desire for studio equipment, and the term "professional" is occasionally bandied about in advertising and promotion of home audio components.

But professional and home equipment are by no means interchangeable, and neither is inherently inferior. Professional requirements put a premium on different factors and functions, but the end quality is often just about identical.

Some professional requirements, such as the ability to play sixteen-inch transcription discs (used for some recorded programs and many commercials), or mixing facilities for blending several signals, are obviously unneeded in the home. But ruggedness, serviceability, versatility, interchangeability, and standardization of results are more important requirements.

Ruggedness is an important and expensive factor. If the audiophile drives his system as the fabled Old Lady from Dubuque, the professional is more of a Barney Oldfield; his equipment must stand more use in a year than the Old Lady's system will get in a lifetime. Professional ruggedness extends from over-all sturdiness to expensive high-reliability components that would be impractical for home use. The volume control on the average home amplifier is compact and inexpensive (about one dollar), and may well need replacement after a few years. The broadcast or recording console uses a bulky, expensive ($10-$20) control that may never need replacement, and is self-cleaning for lower noise.

Time is money to the broadcaster and recorder. A faulty recording of Baby's giggle costs nothing to remake—but how much will it cost to re-record the Philharmonic? So equipment must not only be rugged, but easy to test and maintain. Some components have built-in tube testers for easier maintenance, and broadcast recorders have a third head to play back and monitor the program as it is recorded. When equipment does break down, it's known immediately.

And when professional equipment breaks down, it must be restored to service quickly. Professional systems are made of interchangeable components, professional components of replacable modules. Only the faulty section need be replaced, without closing down the entire studio. Modular construction adds bulk, weight, and expense, but in studio applications *it pays for itself.*

"Now remember: you're a huge, angry wave, crashing down upon a windswept shore."

Since professional equipment must be versatile, most studio system components are single-purpose. The secret behind the apparent paradox is the patchboard, a deceptively expensive ($65) panel full of holes which allows the studio technician to plug any component into any other component at a moment's notice, using jumper cords.

The input and mode selector switches on the home preamp, on the other hand, serve a limited number of functions, but these are usually sufficient for all the needs of the audiophile—selecting stereo or monaural listening modes, or which of a limited number of inputs will be used.

But if, in the studio, any component may feed any other, there must be standardization. Thus, in the studio there are standard signal levels—monitored by standardized meters—standard cabinet mountings (for interchangeability), and a standard impedance of 600 ohms. This is a comparatively low impedance, allowing long lines between components without hum or high-frequency losses. Telephones use 600-ohm lines for much the same reasons, and most remote broadcasts reach the studio or transmitter over telephone wires, at the same standard impedance and level. But since most tube circuits are high-impedance devices, a 600-ohm matching transformer must be added to input and output—at additional expense. For home use, short lines are the rule, and the less expensive high-impedance circuits are perfectly adequate.

Results must be standardized, too. The expensive hysteresis-synchronous motors used in studio and home recorders and turntables have the greatest possible long-term speed stability; a tape that takes 29 minutes, 30 seconds on one broadcast recorder will probably run within three and a half seconds of that on another—important where time is being sold.

Speed is as important as timing: if speed varies even slightly from one recorder to another, a difference in pitch will show up when tapes from different machines are spliced together. To the audiophile with only one machine, these factors are meaningless.

The ultra-reliable volume controls used on studio consoles have an additional advantage: instead of the infinitely variable type used on home machines, professional controls are of the "step" type, varying levels through a large number of small, calibrated steps. A level once set can be noted and repeated at will in the future.

Tone controls, as the home listener knows them, are nonexistent in many studios. Instead, equalizers are used,

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tone-shaping circuits giving a number of repeatable curves with many different—and repeatable—characteristics. When not in use, as is usually the case, hey are taken out of the circuit altogether. Tone controls in any circuit may cause distortion, and tone controls in the studio might mask a faulty mike location, or some other error.

These requirements of ruggedness, serviceability, versatility, interchangeability, and standardization of results are basically responsible for the great differences between home and studio sound systems. And these requirements—plus the limited size of the market for studio equipment, which makes every unit nearly custom-made—are responsible for the far higher prices of most professional apparatus.

Aside from this, how much difference is there in quality? Surprisingly enough, very little. The minimum standards which were set for broadcast equipment a few years ago are now not only being met consistently, but are also being surpassed by both home and studio equipment. The best home equipment will sound as good as the better professional gear. Used twenty-four hours a day, tossed into station wagons for remote broadcasts and location recordings, most home equipment would soon crumble. But when the specifications for frequency response, distortion, noise level, wow and flutter and other factors are compared, amateur and professional gear are about equal. Sometimes the specifications of audiophile components are even better.

Unfortunately, this does not always mean that the home system is superior. In some cases it is. More often, the specifications are related to different standards, which are stated fully only in the professional spec sheet. One brand lists the noise level of its home machine as "—50 db," and as "—50 db at 2% distortion" for their closest professional equivalent. The latter is, of course the more meaningful figure—the two specifications may or may not be the same.

The buyer of the better equipment gets high quality for his money, fine styling, light compact units that are easy to use, move, and install, and many professional features. He gets adequate, if limited, versatility that is easily controlled, and adequate durability. The ruggedness and versatility of professional equipment—and their attendant high weight, bulk, and cost—are not really necessary in the home, and are probably not desirable.

Should the audiophile buy professional equipment? If he has the space, the muscle, and the money for it, yes. But home equipment will suit most home uses as well, if not better.

—Ivan Berger.

A Distinguished Dido

Purcell: *"Dido and Aeneas." Soloists, the St. Anthony Singers (Choirmaster, John McCarthy), and the English Chamber Orchestra conducted by Anthony Lewis, harpsichord continuo by Thurston Dart. London-L'Oiseau-Lyre SOL 60047, $5.98.*

This "Dido" manages to do almost consistently what its predecessors did only intermittently. It combines scholarship with vitality. The version used (by Margaret Laurie and Thurston Dart, who also functions as harpsichordist and annotator) is remarkably authentic in terms of its dynamic scale, ornamentation scheme, rhythmic conventions, and general spirit. Yet there is nothing pedantic about the results.

The forces have been selected, perhaps, with an eye on economy (there isn't a star in the cast), but, fortunately, that eye was also focused squarely on the peculiar needs of Purcell. The singers may not be major box-office attractions, but each knows what to do and, better yet, how to do it. One cannot deny the presence of an impure tone here, an inelegant phrase or two there, but a strong unifying concept remains the crucial element in such an undertaking, and this one has it.

It is difficult to judge whether that unifying concept comes from the obvious source (conductor Anthony Lewis) or an authority in less immediate control (Thurston Dart). Regardless of who is ultimately responsible, however, the important fact remains that this "Dido" manages to avoid sounding like either a museum piece or a misplaced bit of romanticism. For this, one is grateful. (Dart, by the way, would receive a considerable portion of that gratitude if he had contributed nothing more than the imaginative continuo realization of "Haste, haste to town.")

The "lively approach" gets the better of the performance only at one point. The Sorceress (Monica Sinclair) and her two witches-in-waiting (Rhianon James and Catherine Wilson) are permitted—probably encouraged—to cackle and snarl in a manner recalling Gilbert-and-Sullivan caricatures and the worst of Walt Disney. It is all very funny, and the ladies manage to croak musically, imitative coloratura passages not excepted. But witches are supposed to be nasty and frightening, even in baroque opera. A less exaggerated approach might have served their purposes better.

As Dido, Janet Baker sings with extraordinary dignity, pathos, and control. Although her voice is not particularly opulent, her phrasing is notable for its aptness and expressive understatement. It is understatement, in fact, that give Miss Baker the edge over her more famous colleague, Kirsten Flagstad, who recorded the opera near the end of her career. Furthermore, in matters of diction, Miss Baker has the added advantage of native security, and in "When I am laid in earth," she imparts subtle meaning to the interpolated embellishments, which are quite appropriate both to the period and the emotion involved.

Patricia Clark, the Belinda, is not so sweet of tone or agile of execution as could be wished, but hers too is an authoritative performance. Raimund Herincx offers a virile Aeneas who colors his words effectively in the recitatives, even when Purcell intentionally perverts the accents of the text. John Mitchinson (a tenor rather than the soprano originally used) brings just enough swagger to the Sailor's song, and Dorothy Dorow, aided by a distant echo effect, sounds properly mysterious in the recitative of the Spirit.

PROBABLY the most striking contribution, however .is that of the St. Anthony Singers, a chorus of modest size and enormous discipline. Their diction is faultless throughout, they manipulate the line as flexibly as they handle dynamic contrasts, and they command sufficient virtuosity to make the famous laughing chorus sound menacing and accurate without seeming breathless. All things considered, its intimate scale, fine sound, and, above all, appropriate spirit, place the Oiseau-Lyre effort in an unrivaled position among recordings of "Dido and Aeneas."

Writing about the work itself, Dart claims in his notes: "Within the confines of the familiar plot, within the limitations of Tate's libretto, Purcell builds a world in little. All is in perfect proportion, each character is sketched in lightning strokes, each mood flashes on to the scene in a moment, each event is given just the weight it needs."

This holds as well for the recording in question as it does for the composer.

—Martin Bernheimer.

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Recordings in Review

Rita Gorr—"an artist with a mind as well as a voice."

The Art of Gorr

WAGNER: *"Entweihte Götter" ("Lohengrin"), "Mild und leise" ("Tristan");* MASSENET: *"Qui m'aurait dit" (Werther");* VERDI: *"O don fatale" ("Don Carlo"), "Condotta ell'era in ceppi" ("Il Trovatore");* MASCAGNI: *"Voi lo sapete, o mamma" ("Cavalleria Rusticana");* SAINT-SAENS: *"Printemps qui commence" and "Amour, viens aider" ("Samson et Dalila");* GLUCK: *"J'ai perdu mon Eurydice" ("Orphée") and "Divinités du Styx" ("Alceste"). Rita Gorr, mezzo-soprano, with the orchestra of the Paris Opéra conducted by André Cluytens.* Angel S 35795, $5.98.

As intimated in a recent comment on Wagner's "Die Walküre" in which she sings Fricka (*SR*, Oct. 27), Rita Gorr is not only a formidable vocalist but a dramatic personality of power and eloquence. The confirmation of this, so far as her effect in the theatre is concerned, was provided by her recent Amneris and Santuzza at the Metropolitan, but a fuller index to the range of her abilities may be found in this decalogue of operatic excerpts.

As a reading of the list will show, they include such substantial items of the soprano's repertory as "Voi lo sapete," the "Liebestod" and "Divinités du Styx" as well as the staples of the mezzo's, which makes Miss Gorr an embodiment of as well as a claimant to the title of mezzo-soprano. And she offers credentials for proficiency in German and Italian as well as French. This is indeed a broad span of vocal timber for one individual, and a close examination of the ground it covers offers some interesting details for comment.

What I would call the true Gorr voice may be heard predominantly in the French material — the Massenet, the Saint-Saëns, and the Gluck, in which the timbre and the text are completely bonded. These are performances of imposing dramatic conviction and ringing sound as well, the creations of an artist with a mind as well as a voice. To judge from the two examples offered, German is her next best language, and, even more remarkably, she sings a "Liebestod" that many a soprano might envy (no assurance, of course, that she could sing the role as well, or any part of it).

In the Italian material, Miss Gorr is the same admirable artist, exhibiting an adaptability few would aspire to, let alone achieve. But the special language requirements, as well as the tessitura, of Eboli, Azucena, and Santuzza take a toll of her efficiency, cutting down both the beauty of sound she manages elsewhere and the vibrant warmth of tone such writing merits.

However, this in no way lessens respect for Miss Gorr's artistry or esteem for the capacities so widely manifest on this disc. It is, simply, that such specialists as a Simionato or Barbieri will always have an advantage over the performer of greater versatility. In such a specialty of her own as "Divinités du Styx" (with its range of two full octaves), Gorr achieves a standard reserved for only a few singers in any generation. Cluytens does his work for the most part very well, though the effort to impart "drama" to Orfeo's lament (as well as the rewritten final measures of the orchestral part) are extraneous to the composer's style as exemplified in most other versions. The reproduction is excellent.

Fischer-Dieskau on Liszt

LISZT: *"Es muss ein Wunderbares sein," "Three Sonnets by Petrarch," "Oh! quand je dors," "Die drei Zigeuner," "Die Vätergruft," "Der Alpenjäger," "Blume und Duft," "Vergiftet sind meine Lieder," "J'ai perdu ma force," and "Ihr Glocken von Marling." Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, and Joerg Demus, piano.* DG SLPM 138 793, $6.98.

SCHUBERT: *"An die Leier," "Philoktet," "Memnon," "Fahrt zum Hades," "Orpheus," "Orest auf Tauris," "Der entsühnte Orest," "Fragment aus den Aeschylus," "Der zürnenden Diana," "Lied eines Schiffers an die Dioskuren," "Aus Heliopolis," and "Freiwilliges Versinken."* Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, with Joerg Demus, piano, DG SLPM 138 715, $6.98.

When all the heavy cannonading of the recent Liszt anniversary (the 150th of his birth in October, 1811) in the form of rhapsodies and tone poems, concerti and fantasias, has subsided, it may be that the quiet artistry of this disc will outlast all the others. For it is not merely a rarity for a singer of either sex to devote time to this literature, but it is also practically unprecedented for a male singer of Fischer-Dieskau's qualities. It is among his best impulses, and one which he fulfills to near perfection.

For Liszt, like some other underrated composers of his time, was a song composer of high abilities, just below the level of the greatest. When his literature is combed for its best examples, as it has been here by Fischer-Dieskau, the results are imposing. It is especially interesting to observe the mentality of Liszt wrestling with the text of Petrarch, in the context of their more elaborated, better-known form for piano. And certainly many should know the quality of "Oh! quand je dors," if only from the famous versions by Maggie Teyte and Fischer-Dieskau's great predecessor, Heinrich Schlusnus.

In the range of this well-chosen material, which adheres almost wholly to the lyrical Liszt, Fischer-Dieskau is closer to the consistent standard of Schlusnus than in any prior collection. He not only makes a beautiful sound, with a finely sustained legato as its primary property, but stays within its dynamic range with scrupulous care for his top power (save in the climax of this very "Oh! quand je dors.")

The Schubert songs are, in their way, as well chosen for congruity, for they are all derived from texts which permit them to be titled "Songs of Greek Antiquity." Save for such as "Memnon," in which he is again dynamically overburdened, the performances are of rare poetry and insight. In both instances, Demus's collaboration is as artistically useful as it is pianistically adroit.

Six by Szigeti

BACH: *Partitas Nos. 1-3, Sonatas Nos. 1-3. Joseph Szigeti, violin.* Vanguard-Bach Guild BG 627-9, $9.96.

By all outward evidence, the credit for this accomplishment belongs solely to Joseph Szigeti, without so much as an accompanist to share the glory of

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some extraordinary musical re-creation. But without two persons who were music lovers and Szigeti devotees before they were anything else, the project would have been neither begun nor finished. The first was John Hammond, who originated the effort for Columbia, the second Seymour Solomon, who took over the dozens of tape reels that resulted and underwrote innumerable man-hours required to compose the performances now available on Vanguard. By any standard, this was a mammoth task of editing. In the five or six takes of each movement and work there were some stretches of physical control to match Szigeti's intellectual impulse; by combining the best of them Vanguard has enabled those who have always esteemed those impulses to possess an expression of them hardly possible, these days, any other way. The unnamed technicians in Vienna who brought about the results here available deserve their thanks, if nothing else.

Considering the intensely personal nature of these expressions, points of reference or bases of comparison with other such thorough-going treatments of the six scores—Heifetz, A. Schneider, and (nearly) Menuhin in the past, Grumiaux to come—are virtually nonexistent. The size of the undertaking is such that it is less a matter of the musician taking the measure of Bach than of Bach taking the measure of the musician. In such context Szigeti fares better than most possessed of the mentality to see the objective clear and sharp, and the imagination to make his progress toward it as invigorating as it is interesting. Incisive rhythm is one of the spurs to attention, a strong sense of line one of its chief supports. This is particularly sustaining in the great fugal moments, and most of all in the Chaconne, one of its most noble realizations on record. With a full realization of all the effort it required, the highest praise is to say that the finished product is worth it.

Late Budapest, Late Beethoven

BEETHOVEN: *Quartets Nos. 12-16, with Grosse Fuge. Budapest Quartet.* Columbia M5S 677, $29.98

In or out of the recording studio, practically world-wide, the Budapest Quartet in its Roisman - A. Schneider - B. Kroyt - M. Schneider formulation has shown as complete domination of these works as any group for which there is reliable evidence. The question on the occasion of such a re-recording as this, then, is: How well are they able, in this late period of their own existence, to do justice to the late Beethoven? The answer (perhaps, in the nature of the problem, the only one possible) is: sometimes better than others, in a variation of quality from inimitable to inadequate.

For the most part, a recent tendency to uncertainty of intonation has been subject to whatever corrective measure is necessary to keep the problem from becoming acute. Almost all the slow movements are solidly on pitch, with a deviation now and then in the faster-moving passages. What is more disturbing, and thus regrettable, is the ever so slight flatness in chordal passages and ensemble passage playing—not sufficiently disturbing perhaps to have alerted someone to order a retake, but distracting to the attention at the listening end.

The Roisman-led ensemble knows so well the highroad through the maze of these scores and makes us so aware of innumerable points of interest on the way that the experience remains unique, especially in the "Cavatina" of Opus 130, the "Thanksgiving" song of 132, and the great "Lento assai" of Opus 135. The omission of Opus 131 from the compilation is not an oversight; it simply happens that the whole of this work is below the median level of accuracy in the others, perhaps because of its chromatic character. As for the "Grosse Fuge," it is burdensome for the best adjusted ensemble, and a trial to this one for lengthy stretches. Some of the episodes, by contrast, are ravishingly realized.

The recording embodies some oddities on its own that should be known to the prospective purchaser. It sounds to me that the tapes have had more than a little echo chamber added, perhaps to equalize variations in sound over the period of time required to do the five quartets and the fugue. It is an unnatural rather than an unpleasant sound, which gives the impression of a filter in the middle register. Considering that the Budapest quartet itself was one of the first ensembles to have its sound upgraded by LP, it is depressing to find progress reversed here. The well-planned booklet contains some absorbing source material on Beethoven and these quartets, rather less absorbing commentaries.

Reiner's Other Strauss

STRAUSS, JOHANN, JR: *"Vienna Blood," "Artist's Life," "Roses from the South," "Treasure Waltz" (from "The Gypsy Baron") and "Thunder and Lightning" polka;* STRAUSS, JOSEF: *"My Life Is Love and Laughter." Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.* RCA Victor LSC 2500, $5.98.

On the premise, perhaps, that one good Strauss deserves another, RCA Victor is this month offering another Fritz Reiner performance of same—if the mere identity of name justifies the suggestion of sameness. Certainly there are few swatches of repertory with less resemblance than the Richard Strauss "Zarathustra" of last month and the Johann-Josef Strauss matter of this.

The sameness comes, of course, in the identity of artistry and perception applied by the conductor to both tasks, and the ultra-fidelty response in both of the superb orchestra under his command. This is not to suggest that the Chicago Symphony is producing the Vienna Philharmonic kind of performance, for too many reasons of physical and spiritual inheritance to dwell upon. But, as the Vienna Philharmonic could not produce these performances either, one is content to admire them for what they are—infinitely sophisticated expositions of how these materials can sound in the hands of a master with a viewpoint of his own. Each is less a waltz or polka than a miniature tone poem, complete with motivation, impulse, and resolution.

Who has lately (if ever) heard the introductions to the "Vienna Blood" and "Artist's Life" waltzes performed with so much sense of reverie and reflection, or the big themes of the "Love and Laughter" or the "Treasure Waltz" so teasingly poised before being released in a swirl of motion and music? As for the "Thunder and Lightning," it is Reiner's pleasure to remind us that it is, after all, a polka (by insisting on the appropriate rhythmic accents) without sacrificing in the least the boisterous humor that went into its creation. In some of the other sections, especially the coda of "Roses from the South," Reiner tends to overindulge the blatant strain in Strauss's orchestration, but even here he is operating with a full consciousness of just what effect he aims to produce. —IRVING KOLODIN.

Johann Strauss — performed "with a full consciousness of . . . effect."

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Berg: Concerto. Bartok: Two Rhapsodies. Isaac Stern, violin, with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra directed by Leonard Bernstein. Columbia MS 6373, $5.98.	The questing eloquence of Berg engages all the faculties of Stern and Bernstein, who, in tu promote comprehension of its content with almost model fidelity and clarity. I have a recollection of something a little more intense from the recording of André Gertler, but that may well be an illusion. In any case, Stern and Bernstein have the added resources of whatever benefits stereo confers—in this music I do not bear a great deal of directionality. One might add that, in another sense, it sometimes sounds directionless as Berg's clear thread of thought dissolves in complications, but always there is the residue of eloquence to capture the attention anew. The Bartok rhapsodies are well performed, but others have made them more convincing.
Delius: "Brigg Fair," Dance Rhapsodies Nos. 1 and 2, "In a Summer Garden," "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring." Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia MS 6376, $5.98.	Doubtless it was someone's inspired idea that because Delius was a great orchestral colorist and the Philadelphia is an orchestra of great color, the two were a predestined match. There is in this, however, the fallacy that all orchestral color is the same and all needs meet on the same plane. In truth, the Philadelphia sound, voluptuous and glossy, makes strong strands out of Delius's tenuous threads of color, a close-woven texture rather than a network of sound all air and lightness. It should be possible for a conductor with the right sound in his mind to make an adjustment on behalf of Delius, but it is all too clear from Ormandy's effort that he is quite satisfied with what he hears. The result, of course, is not only unidiomatic, but too far removed from it to be acceptable.
Kardos: Concerto for orchestra, Heroic Ballad. Slovak Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Ladislav Slovak and Ludovit Rajter. Supraphon SUA 18187, $5.98.	Dezider Kardos, now aged forty-eight, is identified as one of the prominent composers of contemporary Czech musical life, a description which he fulfills with the assurance and craft of his writing. However, the "concerto" designation is all too telling a line of connection to Bartok, whose blending of folk elements with the disciplines of sophisticated composition is reflected in Kardos's own idiom. The "Ballad" (described as of later date than the "Concerto" of 1958) has a rather more jagged tonal profile, but not yet one recognizably his own. The performances are vigorous, the sound thin and lacking in overtones (by our values).
Khachaturian: Symphony No. 2 ("The Bell"). The composer conducting the Vienna Philharmonic. London CS 6323, $5.98.	The composer makes a persuasive case for the value of his work. For one thing, he knows just how he means some of the Eastern "color" to sound, and thus does not permit it to become merely garish. With all this refinement of detail (which the Vienna Philharmonic enhances in its own special way) the whole of the work does not have the interrelation of parts a good symphony should. There is, for me, the greatest interest in the second slow movement ("Andante sostenuto") with its unusual deployment of the ecclesiastical "Dies Iræ" (in slow tempo, in the strings). A very fine performance, beautifully reproduced.
Mozart: Concerto in C (K. 503), Rondo in D (K. 382). Alfred Brendel, piano, with Pro Musica Orchestra of Vienna conducted by Paul Angerer. Vox STPL-512110, $4.98.	Brendel is an admirably fluent pianist and Angerer has a useful sense of style in this music which are all to the good of the joint result. The acoustical values are somewhat disappointing in this particularly festive work which, with its trumpets, horns, oboes, and bassoons in pairs (plus drums is close to the most sizable sonorous mass Mozart used in a concerto. For it to be blanketed by rather dull surroundings as it is here, especially when there are much brighter versions avaliable (Fleisher-Szell, Serkin-Szell) is to diminish by nearly half the appeal of Brendel's artistic effort. He is equally good in the Rondo, and the recording is about the same. A better arrangement should be in order for him in the future.
Mozart: Symphonies No. 33 (K. 319) in B flat and No. 36 (K. 425) in C. Colin Davis conducting the English Chamber Orchestra. L'Oiseau-Lyre SOL 60049, $5.98.	It is rather easier for a young conductor to have a supple command of such music now than it was in the Thirties, if only for the profusion of accessible recorded examples. Davis is responsive to only the best of them, and he organizes the flow and detail of the two scores with responsible musicianship. He is rather less successful in clothing the physical forms with meaning, or of insinuating into the march of musical patterns, the fine distinctions that make up character. Thus, what the performances sum up are vigorous, fluent, and well-ordered views of Mozart, a little deficient in character or emotional warmth. Very good sound in the orchestra, and very good reproduction of it on the disc.
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 6 in B Minor. Otto Klemperer conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel S-35787, $5.98.	For much of its length, this curiously noncommittal performance leaves one with the feeling that the title of this work should not be "Pathetic" but apathetic. It plays its musical cards close to the conductor's vest as if only by performing the well known in such an unorthodox manner could the result command the attention that was desired. As confirmed in his recent Beethoven program in New York with the Philadelphia Orchestra, Klemperer's sensationalism is a retreat from the sensationalism of others into a vague penumbra of pedantry so severely administered as to constitute an excess on its own. Now and then, as in the finale of this symphony, there is a blend of impulses which carries its own artistic conviction, but these are exceptions to the general results.
Torroba: Concierto en Flamenco. Sabicas: "Salero Gaditano," "El Albaicín," "Comino de Linares," and "Con un Clavel." Sabicas, guitar, with the Orquéstra de Concierteos de Madrid conducted by F. Moreno Torroba. Decca DL-710057, $5.98.	The prospect of a concerto by the well-regarded Moreno Torroba for the equally well regarded Augustin Castellon (Sabicas) is something to whet curiosity, especially as resources of the microphone permit a position of prominence for the instrument that it could never attain in the concert hall. Only a part of this promise is fulfilled in the work Torroba has put together for Sabicas: its exploitation of his fleet fingers and whiplike wrist strokes for rhythmic emphasis. But the orchestra comes and goes with much too little sense of purpose for a balanced structure. And a technical detail intrudes: the pitch of the orchestra is slightly lower than that to which we are accustomed, and it doesn't hold to that steadily, either. The four additional tracks on Side 2 are dazzling in their demonstration of inventive power within the structure of each dance, and a rich addition to anyone's fund of experience in folk-derived art. The solo segments are superbly reproduced.
Wagner: "Rienzi," "Flying Dutchman" and "Tannhäuser" overtures, "Bacchanale." Georg Solti conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and the chorus of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde. London CS 6245, $5.98.	There is a great deal to admire in these performances, such as Solti's strong feeling for the early Wagner, his restraining hand on the possible vulgarization of the composer's already brazen orchestration in "Rienzi," his thrust of propulsion in the "Tannhäuser." But there are, also, some excessive thumps of tympani and rough cries in the brass now and then to give one the feeling that Solti is not always the master of his own impulses. For my taste, too, the separation of the "Tannhäuser" music into the Dresden overture and what is called the "original Paris version" of the "Bacchanale" doesn't make good muscial sense. It is certainly less satisfactory than the commonly heard version of 1872 which makes one sequence of the overture and bacchanale. The recording is excellent. —Irving Kolodin.

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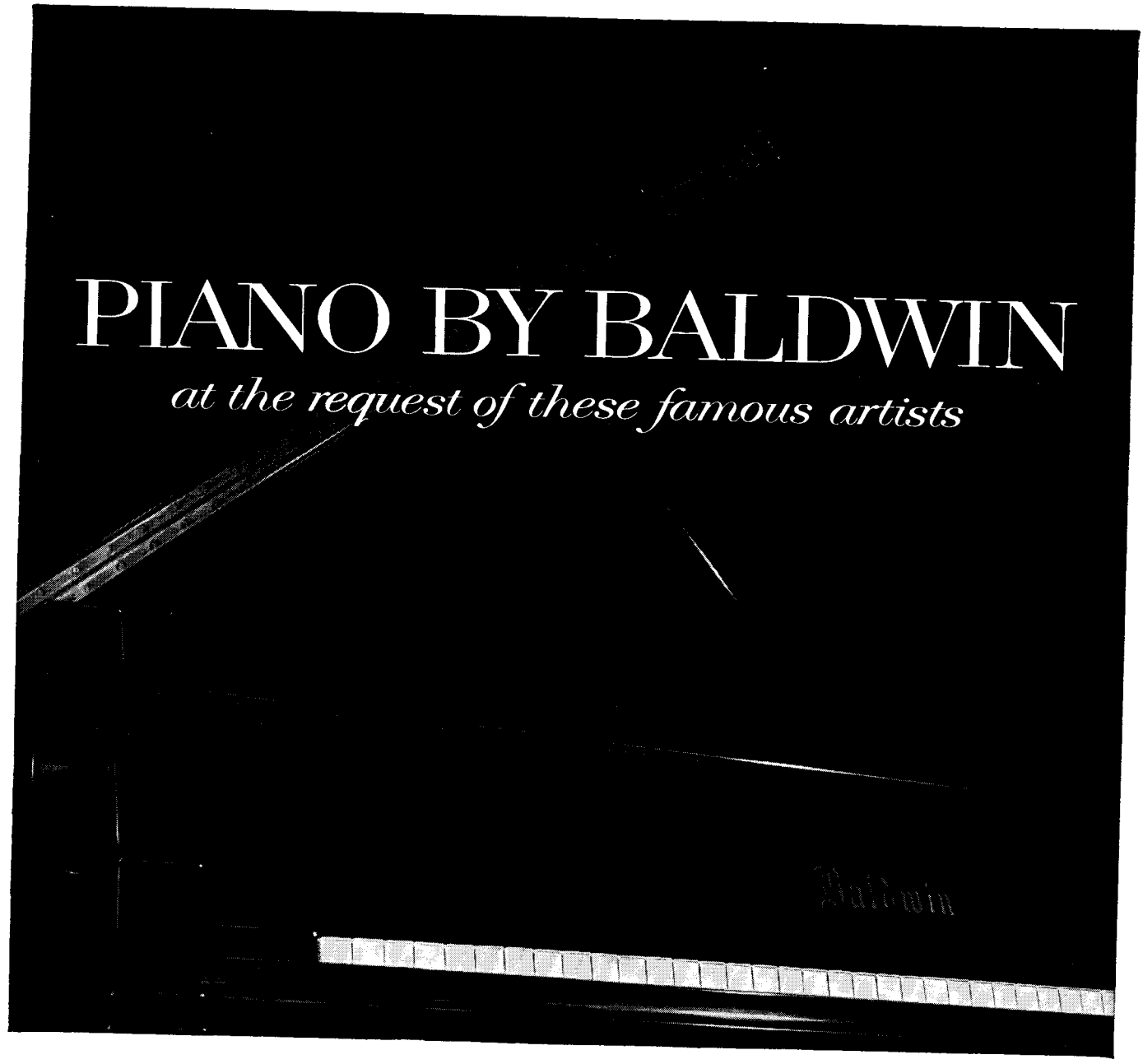

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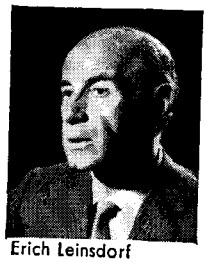
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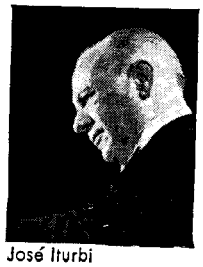
José Iturbi

Baldwin pianos and organs, official instruments, Seattle World's Fair, 1962

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs & Tapes

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Goldberg Variations. Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichord. Decca DL 710056, $5.98.	It would be inaccurate to say that Miss Marlowe's performance is insensitive, but there are some aspects of it that are unfeeling. That is to say, in articulating her sensitive response to the rise and fall of Bach's melodic formulation and the interrelation of his structural lines Miss Marlowe resorts to emphasis and stress on her instrument which produce harsh sounds and therefore are unfeeling. Moreover, as a prevalent condition, "expression" is encountered almost always in the variations in slow tempo, with the meaningful aspect of the faster variations flattened out in a like-sounding succession of notes. This is regrettable inasmuch as her comprehension of the work is undeniable, her command of its groundplan always persuasive. The disc reproduces well what was fed to the microphone.
Beethoven: Sonatas No. 30 (E minor, Op. 109) and No. 32 (C minor, Op. 111). Wilhelm Backhaus, piano. London CS 6246, $5.98. Sonatas No. 15 (D, Op. 28) and No. 26 (E flat, Op. 81a). Backhaus, piano. London CS 6247, $5.98.	If these discs are augury of a full Backhaus cycle to come as replacement for the discs he made in pre-stereo days, the reaction can only be a fervent wish for its successful culmination. For, in the major portion of these performances, Backhaus leaves no doubt that he is the most satisfactory exponent of their thought and feeling now active. Whether, in a work-by-work comparison with Schnabel or Kempff, Backhaus would emerge as a preference most often is another consideration; but his E minor and E major, of the four just issued, are rich in experience, powerful in their articulation of it. The C minor sounds rather less settled, as though the anticipation of problems to come were a disturbing factor. The problems are always solved, but the performance is disturbed nevertheless. Very good reproduction.
Boatrite: Suite. Bach: Prelude and Fugue in G. Byrd: Pavana. Chambonnières: Chaconne. Handel: Suite in D minor, Air and Variations. Purcell: Ground in C minor. Scarlatti: Sonatas in E (K. 380) and G minor (K. 8). Temple Painter, harpsichord. Artia ALP 198, $4.98.	A new name among specialists of this instrument, Painter is also unusual in possessing equal affinity for the music of the seventeenth century and the contemporary work by Boatrite (a composer with the given name of Harold, and not to be confused with Yale theoretician Howard Boatwright). This suite takes good advantage of the harpsichord's special kind of sonority, and applies it to block chords and dissonant intervals in an absorbing way, especially in the closing Chaconne. Painter fares variably in the older music, playing the Handel Air (on which Brahms wrote his variations) with distinction, the Scarlatti sonatas rather heavily. But throughout he conveys a strong sense of participation in the music through his instrument. Good reproduction.
Handel: Concerto in B flat. Kricka: Variations on a Theme by Mozart. Dobrodinsky: Baroque Suite. Trnecek: Paraphrase on Smetana's "Vltava." Bedrich Dobrodinsky, harp. Supraphon LPV 483, $5.98.	The attractions of this record are variable: most consistent in the skill and good sound of the soloist, least in the material on which they are expended. The Handel is performed as a solo piece, with the materials of the orchestral accompaniment incorporated into the harp part and a grand cadenza at the end. Few will be acquainted with the Mozart theme on which he wrote three variations himself on behalf of a local harpist during his Prague visit to produce "Don Giovanni." The additional ones even by Kricka are very much of the same sort. Also largely of local interest are the Dobrodinsky suite and Trnecek's paraphrase of the familiar theme from "The Moldau." Fair recording.
Massenet: "Werther" (excerpts). Rosalind Elias, Cesare Valletti, and Gerard Souzay, with orchestra conducted by René Leibowitz. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2615, $4.98/$5.98; 4TC-2120, $8.95.	So far as it goes, this is an admirable accomplishment, though it falls, as a totality, into the class of too little for what it might be, too much for what it is. Thus, there are lengthy snatches of Acts I and III (the latter including the "Letter Scene" of Charlotte, Werther's "Pourquoi me réveiller" and the final duet of the two), but only the duet "Trois mois!" and Albert's "Un autre est son epoux" from Act II. Among the performers, Souzay is outstanding for his combination of vocal quality and dramatic projection; Miss Elias has voice in ample measure though not quite the compulsion that a Charlotte should project, and Valletti is amply dramatic though a little undersized, vocally, for Werther. The microphone helps him considerably. Should there be any impulse to extend these excerpts, René Leibowitz could be chosen with confidence to do the job. He makes a very good showing in this much of it. Highly successful recording. It is hard to understand, however, why the tape must have the same break in the "Letter Scene" as the disc, especially when there is blank tape at the start of the B sequence to accommodate what has been started at the end of the A sequence.
Mozart: Quartets in C (K. 465) and B flat (K. 458). Hungarian Quartet. Vox STPL 512130, $4.98.	The Szekely-led quartet is now one of the world's finest in its performances of the great eighteenth century works of Mozart and Haydn. Among its virtues are meshed tone quality and precisely matched pitch which add considerably to listening interest in the chromatic introduction to the C major quartet, whose clashing lines have given it the name of "Dissonant." But they also have the mastery of the medium to spin the long line of the B flat's adagio (one of Mozart's great quartet slow movements) with fine feeling. The recording, luminous and admirably balanced, is of a quality appropriate to the fine performances.
Mozart: Quartet (K. 285, 285a, 285b, and K. 298). Camillo Wanausek, flute, with members of the Europa Quartet. Vox STDL 500830, $4.98.	Wanausek is an excellent flute-player, with a quality of musicianship to go with his bright, agreeable sound. However, there are exacting standards in this literature, set by such virtuosi as Hubert Barwahser, the Dutch artist, and the Americans Baker and Baron, which Wanausek and his associates do not quite match. Their ensemble tends to stress precision at some cost to flexibility, and a literal treatment of the notes where something more imaginative would be in order. Aside from a little imbalance in the A major (where the viola is initially hard to hear), the stereo proportions are good, the fidelity to the sound of the instruments excellent.
Schoenberg: "The Book of the Hanging Garden." Bethany Beardslee, soprano, with Robert Helps, piano. Son Nova 2, $5.98.	Miss Beardslee makes a brilliant success of her undertaking, performing the complete vocal line with clarity, ease, good sound and a high degree of intelligibility of the text. However, snobbery takes many forms, and in this case it is the presentation of *only* the German words. The other space on the sleeve is given over to a commentary by Milton Babbitt which is useful but hardly as vital for understanding as the absent translation. The material itself dates one of the early phases of Schoenberg's transition toward his later style, and as such it has its absorbing interest. However, the involuted melodic line and its dryly functional counterpart in the piano allow ample opportunity for the attention to wander. The recording is admirably planned and well executed, though the extreme separation (voice on one speaker, piano on the other) may violate some concepts of musical unity. —I.K.

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Rimsky's Snow Maiden

AS IF they thought it necessary to present two works by the same name in chronological order, the Russians, after having exported Tchaikovsky's "The Snow Maiden," have now followed it up with one by Rimsky-Korsakov (Tchaikovsky's composition preceded Rimsky's by some nine years). Both works were inspired by Alexanders Ostrovsky's dramatic play, commissioned for a production at the Bolshoi (1873). Tchaikovsky's incidental music to the play was not successful and was soon forgotten, while Rimsky's opera ranks among his most popular.

In listening to many recordings made by the Bolshoi orchestra and chorus, I have noticed that the choice of conductors and soloists is varied. Is this due to the now general policy against the so-called personality cult? Or, is it (more likely) the desire to show the large number of good and sometimes even excellent performers at their disposal? This I do not know. In this album (Artia MK 217 E), however, at least three leading roles are sung by artists now familiar to us.

Although neither a Callas nor a Tebaldi, V. Firsova commands a beautiful soprano and succeeds in portraying the tragic fate of the heroine of this pageant-fairy tale, who at first was denied the capacity to love, and, eventually, when it was granted her, melted away under the warm sunrays.

Madame Vishnevskaya is well known to American audiences through her appearances here. She sings the part of Kupava, Snegurochka's rival. With her unusual soprano voice she might well have sung the title role, but perhaps she was given the part of the village beauty because of her own good looks.

Ivan Kozlovsky, who, along with the late Sergei Lemeshev, ranks among the best Russian tenors, has already been heard on many recordings including the recently issued several songs by Michael Glinka. This time he sings the role of the benevolent Tsar of a fantastic kingdom who seems mainly to be preoccupied with painting and ruling over the love affairs of his subjects. And finally, N. Avdeyeva, a mezzo-soprano, a newcomer to the field of recording (as far as I know), has been given the part of Lyel, the young shepherd and the most popular among the eligible young men in the Kingdom. She sings beautifully the most enchanting songs in the score. Thus, on the whole the cast could not have been better selected for Eugen Svetlanov, also a newcomer but obviously an experienced opera conductor.

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acts and a prologue, and, since it is seldom given outside of Russia, should be of value to Rimsky's admirers. But its value has still another aspect. Rimsky composed it while spending the summer months of 1880 in Stelyovo, a little village. Not a "realist" like his friend Moussorgsky, he nevertheless transposed into the fantastic world of his composition the reality of his surroundings. A stump overgrown with moss in his imagination was transformed into the wood-demon or his abode, the nearby forest became the "forbidden forest," the bare Kopytyets hill grew into the mountain of Yarilo, the pagan god of the sun, and the triple echo heard from the balcony of his summer home seemed to him like voices of supernatural beings—all these belong to the composer's inspiration. And no one will be the wiser for knowing it. But since after the first performance (1882) the critics pointed with spiteful glee at the few folk songs they discovered Rimsky had "borrowed" and accused him of lacking his own melodic inventions, "The Snow Maiden" should have an extra interest for musicians. Had these critics been a little more patient, they would have learned from the composer himself that the list of these "borrowed" folk songs is far more extensive than they ever could have suspected.

Rimsky stated himself that he used folk songs from his "collection," some passed on to him by his friends, as well as some of the songs that he remembered from his childhood, and some melodies given to him by his wife, including one they heard from their own bullfinch in the cage. "Only the little bullfinch sang in F sharp major," Rimsky said, and he transposed the song a tone lower "for the convenience of the violin harmonies."

Clearly Rimsky never held anything against the practice of "borrowing"—it was the final product that counted with him—and "The Snow Maiden" can serve as an example in this argument.

—Victor Seroff.

Pre-Christmas Recordings

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Month-End Recordings
December 22-29
(Year End Issue)

Beethoven for Kempff and Orchestra

By JAN HOLCMAN

IN A shower of recent releases, the people at Deutsche Grammophon have again paid long-playing homage to their compatriot, Beethoven, by issuing his five piano concerti on four discs, with Wilhelm Kempff as soloist, assisted by the Berlin Philharmonic under Ferdinand Leitner (DGG-138770-3, $27.92). Both shell and core of this musical respect leave little to desire. The elegant album contains an attractively illustrated booklet with five brief articles in three languages. The recording itself spotlights not only the grandeur of the music, but the insight of the interpreter.

This is not the first Kempff recording of all the Beethoven concerti; his earlier cycles also included the thirty-two sonatas on 78's—a sort of classic of its time. On this new set the sixty-seven-year-old pianist is heard at the age which German critics, particularly, like to associate with "musical maturity," in this case happily not synonymous with loss of technique. Stylistically and chronologically, Kempff belongs to the camp shared by the disciplined Teutonic trinity Fischer-Gieseking-Backhaus, regardless of specific individual differences. All these pianists are exemplary Beethoven exponents. None, however, is too daring.

Kempff's performances offer enough to sustain interest through two solid hours; i.e., through five entire concerti. His is well proportioned, unhurried Beethoven, devoid of excessess and extravagances. Kempff's unfailing rhythmic pulse, humor, and certain poetry can be sensed in the First Concerto alone. Sensitive shading and classical rather than pedantic phrasing are buttressed only lightly by academic accentuation, such as in the enforcing of unisons in the last movement of the Third Concerto.

Despite a wealth of expression, this is not the dramatic Beethoven of Schnabel. One could say that Kempff has a keen sense of pianistic horsemanship, holding firm reins during Beethoven's more awesome elemental outbursts, letting go only in emergencies. In other words, this unaggressive but vital pianist tempers his temperament, reserving bolder eruptions for those rare occasions when he feels a full gallop is truly needed (as, for example, in the powerful ending of the gay last movement of the Third Concerto, or during its resolute opening scales). Equally refreshing are the climaxes developed in the first movement of the tonally excellent Fourth with its poetic coda. Still more concrete and decisive passages ring out during the Fifth, where Kempff replaces his customary light cavalry with bigger forces, mobilized to match the challenge of the "Emperor."

Kempff, the lyricist, roams over the broad, hushed fields of atmospheric second movements with intimate moderation and cultured calm. His openings, as in the timidly told *Andante con moto* of the Fourth, disclose a tactful and telling interpreter. Leaning more toward a smooth *sotto voce* than toward persistent punctuation, Kempff nonetheless gradually develops the cantilenas into meaningful "vocal" statements full of inner weight. For this, his varied touch and regulated pianissimos seem ideally suited. Particularly appealing are the eloquently phrased *Adagio* of the Second and the *Largo* of the Third concerti, where his evocative legato solicitiously highlights the melodic upper line in a fabric of harmonic thirds. Here the orchestra cooperates at a discrete distance in order not to disturb the soloist during his more pastoral excursions, while Kempff graciously returns the favor by providing, where it is needed, an equally keen accompaniment. In these almost Chopinesque cantabiles, colored by contrasting tonal nuances, Kempff emerges decidedly more reflective than another master colorist of the same clan (but in Debussy)—Gieseking.

KEMPFF's rhythmic discipline, however, is more akin to that of Gieseking or Casadesus than to that of more fluctuating or restless temperaments. Examples of his controlled rhythm are many. Unlike Schnabel, Arrau, and recently Fleisher, Kempff never slides over two thematic sixteenths in the final movement of the First (and Fifth) concerto, which as played by his celebrated colleagues can sound almost like blurred ornaments. Again, the orchestr remains loyal to Kempff as demonstrated by its corresponding "answers." The rhythmic distinction already mentioned is responsible for a fresh and refreshing contrast when, a bit later in the G minor

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section, similar sixteenths appear in the text as *ornaments*.

Pianistically, Kempff is far above the category of so-called reliable perform-
. Not having Gilels's iron hands, he ...s nevertheless mastered an effortless, flexible and precise technique of which not all major virtuosos can boast. Anyone wishing to verify this facet can find evidence in Kempff's other records, or—speaking ad hoc—he should examine the clockwork passages in the Fourth Concerto. Always honest, efficient, and tactful in his approach to technique, Kempff is capable of maintaining perfect equilibrium even at the lowest dynamic level; his superb trills, for instance, combine fluency, sonority, and evenness, as is testified by the Largo of the First Concerto, with its quasi-improvisatory modulations and many delicate figurations. The ornaments in the first and third movements of the B flat major concerto best indicate the aforementioned tonal transparency. This concerto is one more sample of superlative control, involving polished diminuendos which enliven what is often prosaic scale-work, not to omit some eloquent transitory recitativos.

In short, Kempff emerges as a pianist who is not *too* much a virtuoso or a showman. His meticulous apparatus and good sense of instrumentation, com-
ned with well-developed dynamic and ...ythmic faculties, make him an artist, stylist and craftsman capable of delivering beautifully regulated pianism.

Recordings are not unlike a lottery where most tickets win but only a very few hit the jackpot. After waiting eagerly for the result of this second tour de force Beethoven, we could say with certainty that Kempf's ticket deserves nothing less than a unanimous vote for the high prize; his durable pianism and innate taste add up to what could be named a model performance.

The other "tickets" for the Five Concertos of Beethoven are held by Arrau, Backhaus, Gilels, Rubinstein, Serkin, Badura-Skoda, Schnabel (more than once), and few others. To avoid misunderstanding, it should be remembered that each of these five works has been superlatively recorded by at least one of the other Beethovenists, and that the Fourth and Fifth, in particular, have been more interestingly presented by artists other than Kempff. It is easy to see that Kempff's approach to the pianistic art is best suited for the first three concertos where his frequently semi-Mozartian touch is best suited. As a *full* set, nevertheless, Kempff's album ... amply rewarding, and the pianist may be selected here by many as the choice interpreter. The next spin of the wheel for "The Five" in the LP lottery may stop at another color, but, for now, Kempff's is the winning ticket.

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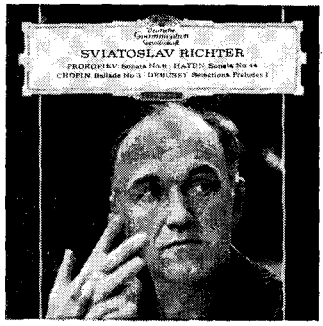

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THE OTHER SIDE

A Beecham Sibelius No. 2—Goossens and Menuhin

HAVING virtually exhausted the studio tapes that remained unissued after Beecham's death, HMV has now produced the kind of disc many have been asking for: one of Sir Thomas's "live" performances. The choice for the first of such issues has fallen on Sibelius No. 2, played by the BBC Orchestra at the Royal Festival Hall on December 8, 1954. Though Beecham left a large legacy of studio recordings, many of them magnificent and justly famous, they rarely convey the tension and excitement, the sense of occasion he was able to conjure up in front of an audience. When making records he was a most meticulous and painstaking artist, but in the concert hall he liked to live dangerously—sometimes courting disaster, but more often than not producing memorable results that made one feel that life was really worth living. This may not be the tidiest Sibelius No. 2 one has heard, but it is full of lovely detail and quite irresistible in its sweep and dramatic impact. For anyone familiar with that inimitable figure on the concert platform, the mere sound of those shouts of encouragement to his players (which can be heard occasionally on this disc) must conjure up memories of treasurable evenings spent in Tommy's company, memories of impudently inflated renderings of the National Anthem, of Haydn and Mozart, Berlioz and Wagner, Sibelius and Delius, of surprise "lollipops" and mischievous postprandial speeches. One can only hope that there are many more such recordings to come.

A protégé of Sir Thomas, the young French conductor Georges Prêtre, also contributes to HMV's November list, directing the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra in a program of French ballets: Poulenc's "Les Biches," Milhaud's "Création du Monde," and the more recent "Le Loup," by Henri Dutilleux. These are stylish and well-recorded performances, though the Milhaud lacks the brilliance of Munch's recent RCA version. Trevor Barnard, an English pianist still in his early twenties, makes his record debut not in some familiar romantic war horse but in the comparatively neglected Piano Concerto which Sir Arthur Bliss wrote for the 1939 New York World's Fair ("Dedicated to the People of the United States of America"). No war horse certainly, despite earlier recordings (long deleted) by Solomon and the late Mewton-Wood, but unashamedly romantic in its idiom and conceived on a grand scale (proclaimed straightaway by the "Emperor"-inspired opening, the concerto really demands greater weight of tone than Barnard is yet able to summon, though he handles the formidable solo part with assurance and dexterity, well supported by the Philharmonia under Sargent.

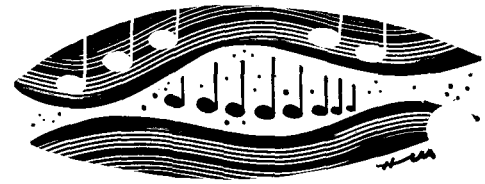
Bach, Handel, and Vivaldi concertos feature in a miscellany by the Bath Festival Chamber Orchestra led by Menuhin, with Leon Goossens as guest soloist. The noted oboist plays three concertos by Handel and joins Menuhin in a performance of Bach's Concerto in D minor for violin and oboe (supposedly the original from which Bach arranged the more familiar work in C minor for two claviers). The Vivaldi also has Bach connections, for it is the B minor Concerto for four violins from L'Estro armonico which Bach transcribed for four claviers. Goossens today is not, perhaps, quite so compelling a performer as he was a quarter of a century ago, but his tone retains its honeyed sweetness and his phrasing its individuality.

EMI's latest reissues embrace a delectable volume of Schubert songs performed by Elisabeth Schumann and the incomparable prewar set of "Die Walküre," Act I, featuring Lotte Lehmann, Lauritz Melchior, Emmanuel List, and the Vienna Philharmonic under Bruno Walter. Lehmann's Sieglinde is still among the greatest treasures the phonograph has to offer: hers is the kind of performance which must needs turn any male listener into an ardent Siegmund. To round off this backward-glancing batch, Myra Hess's performances of Beethoven Sonatas Op. 109 and Op. 110 make a welcome reappearance on a cheap label. Dame Myra, who is rarely heard in public nowadays, brings to these glorious works a gentle touch, yet her innate musicality allows her to penetrate to the heart of the music.

Decca's November releases include Beethoven's four overtures for "Fidelio," played by the Israel Philharmonic under Lorin Maazel, who is new to the company's roster. Unfortunately, this disc, which Decca appears to regard with considerable pride, has not yet arrived, so we must console ourselves meanwhile with an outstanding recording of Brahms's Piano Concerto in D minor in which Curzon is the soloist and Szell conducts the London Symphony. Both artists have recorded this work before, but not together.

From the Suisse Romande comes yet another stereo disc of Shostakovich Fifth Symphony, conducted by Istvan Kertesz. It is a capable rather than searching performance, but the recording is quite excellent. Beautifully clear and true sound also characterizes the same orchestra's coupling of two Haydn Symphonies, No. 82 ("The Bear") and No. 86. Ansermet is not a conductor one usually associates with music of this period, but he performs these delectable works with spirited skill despite an occasional want of warmth and wit.

A seven-inch disc clearly designed for the Christmas market features the distinguished harpsichordist George Malcolm (also noted as composer, conductor, and pianist). The miniature recital includes two "straight" pieces, a scintillating Toccata by Paradies and Daquin's "Le Coucou," while concluding with a brilliant arrangement of Rimsky's "Bumble Bee." But its main purpose is to let us hear Malcolm in



mock-Bach: Alec Templeton's famous "Bach Goes to Town" (the Fugue is very well known, but its companion Prelude was new to me) and Malcolm's own "Bach Before the Mast" in which the "Sailor's Hornpipe" receives the full Bachian treatment. A delightful issue, enhanced by Decca's sparkling recording.

Argo celebrates the completion of its first decade (after some precarious early years, it is now soundly entrenched *chez* Decca) with a beautiful collection of Tudor church music by Adrian Batten and Richard Dering, finely sung by the choir of Peterborough Cathedral, and a really splendid disc of Haydn's so-called Nelson Mass. The latter work, dating from 1798, is surely among Haydn's greatest compositions, and it is high time that we had a recording worthy of its beauty and grandeur. This Argo has now provided, having assembled in King's College Chapel, Cambridge, a fine solo quartet—Sylvia Stahlman, Helen Watts, Wilfred Brown, and Tom Krause—with the Chapel Choir and the London Symphony conducted by David Willcocks. The result is marvelously rewarding: a noble work, finely performed and spaciously yet clearly recorded.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 43

chamber concerts under the sponsorship of Carnegie Hall's own administration. This promising indication of intent to generate more activity and promote greater use of its facilities is more than welcome—it is essential to a suitable future for the world-famous structure. Schuller's choice of material expounded the titled premise of "Twentieth Century Innovations" through Darius Milhaud's "L'Homme et son désir" (1918) and Oliver Messiaen's "Oiseaux exotiques" (1955-56) with a concern for such un-Parisian developments as Webern's orchestral pieces of Opus 10, the Schoenberg "Kammersinfonie" (Opus 9), and the Stravinsky Octet for Winds.

A most interesting service was provided by Schuller with the "Poème plastique," which finds the young Milhaud's tongue firmly in cheek, his eye cocked impertinently at the precepts of his elders, all the while he is busily tilting away bravely at windmills of conformity. The metaphors, of course, are mixed but so are the keys of the widely spaced tonal formations, the polyrhythms jostling against each other, and the instrumental colorations themselves. One might suppose that a composer of the cleverness to produce such a sparkling irreverence at twenty-seven would have no ceiling on accomplishment, but the irreverence has tended to last longer than the sparkle. Schuller's conducting is no model of form, "plastique" or otherwise, but it tells each musician explicitly what to do, which is, after all, hardly a secondary objective. The little hall was filled with attentive listeners and good sound, with the happy if distressing possibility that the series may outgrow its surroundings without having others at hand.

Another friendly service, this one advertised as such, was undertaken on behalf of the sadly neglected French operatic literature in Carnegie Hall under the direction of Robert Lawrence (Instigator of the newly organized Friends of French Opera). The commonly credited cause for such neglect is the lack of adequate vocal talent, but in George London, who performed the two principal male roles in a lengthy excerpt from Massenet's "Don Quichotte," and Nicolai Gedda, who joined him in the fourth act of Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots," there are living evidences to the contrary. On the whole fine music of the evening was heard in Berlioz's "Royal Hunt and Storm," performed with luster and imagery by the Symphony of the Air under Lawrence's adroit direction.

—Irving Kolodin.

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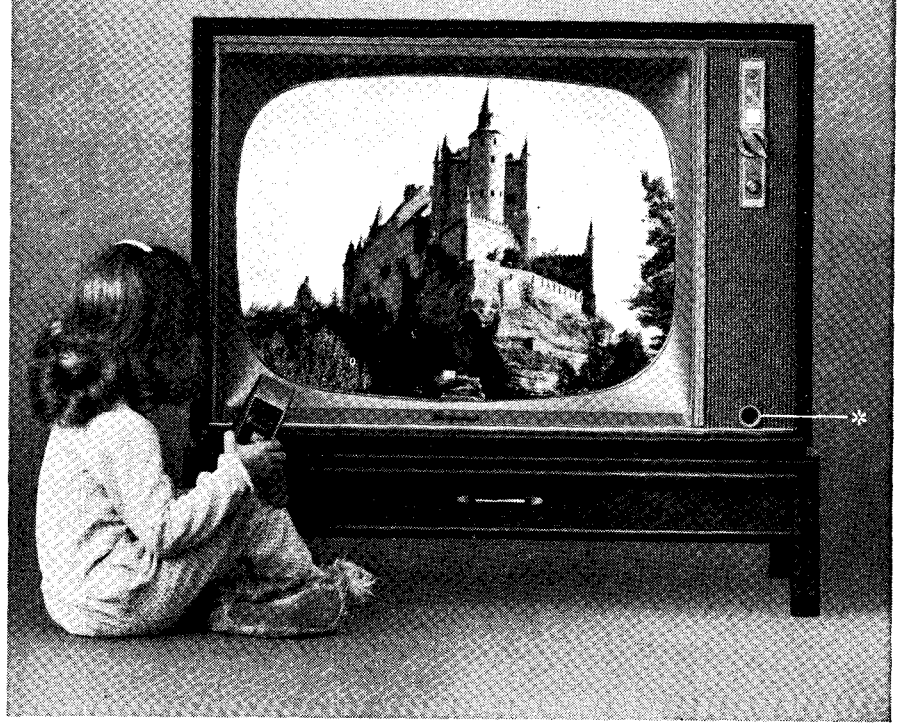

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The Comedy of Lenny Bruce

A FEW years ago, the public champions of comedian Mort Sahl discovered something that might have been evident from the beginning: that Sahl's taste and point of view were essentially as middlebrow as those of his targets. The source of his barbs, excellent as they were, was perhaps not so much his "penetrating insight" into the "mores of suburbia" as his own reluctant desire to join the exurbanite scene. True, Sahl did his act dressed in a sweater and he made fun of Ivy League suits and sports cars. But the roll of his button-down collar looked suspiciously Brooks Brothers, and, after all, it is easier to manipulate an MG when one is wearing a sweater than when one is encased in a three-button jacket.

Sahl's champions, many of them, took up Lenny Bruce. And at first Bruce seemed a much more likely candidate.

Probably it is a symptom of our particular American education that nowadays when a man gets off a few good ones aimed at City Hall or the local upper crust, our journalists will usually describe him as a "devastating social satirist" or something of the sort. Such pronouncements may become heavy burdens even for high comic artists to bear; they form an almost impossible billing for a promising night club comedian. Worse, they may encourage a comedian to look at his work in quite the wrong way.

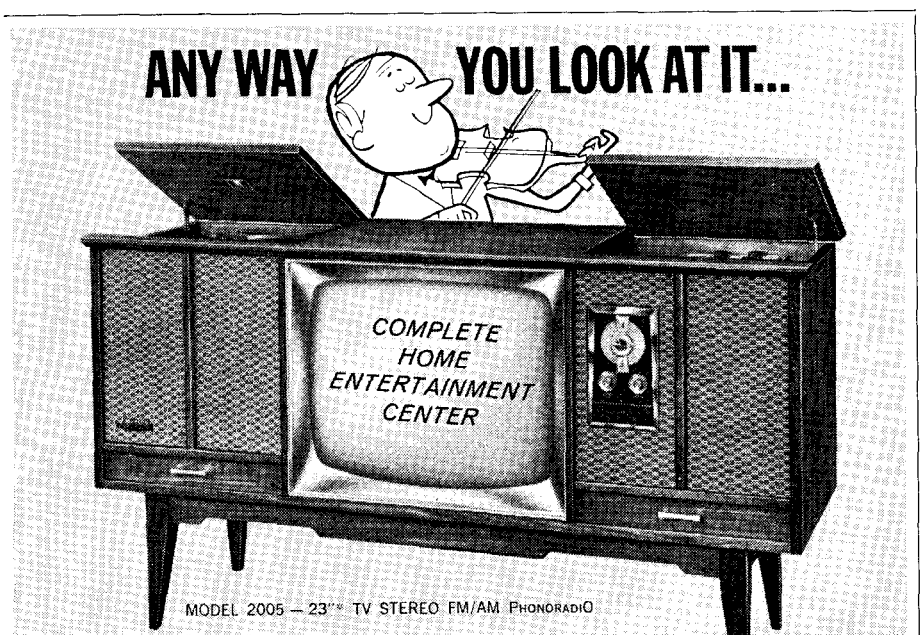
Bruce did get off some very good ones. And he had the audacity not of a satirist but of a good low comedian, an audacity that popular American comedy has probably not seen since the heyday of pre-striptease burlesque. No attitude seemed too sacred for Bruce to lampoon, no word too improper for him to utter; he seemed perfectly willing to say absolutely anything. An intriguing airplane sketch on Fantasy LP 7003, with Bruce as usual taking all the parts, offered a slovenly pilot who showed up for his flight after a couple of fortifying hours in the airport bar (he is afraid of heights, you see) and proceeded to expose every scurrilous suspicion one has ever secretly entertained about non-sch uled airlines. But Bruce followed with a perfectly conventional bit about a kid who marked up the walls of the airplane with a crayon. Such irrelevance-for-a-laugh may be accepted low comedy, but it is hardly the sign of a true satirist.

Mostly Bruce saw everything as a part of the milieu of Lenny Bruce. There was a sketch about Hitler's discovery by a talent agency ("Miss Bloom, send in the dictator types, sweetie"), about Ike and Nixon ("Well, Sherm, you goofed, baby"), about policy-making at the AMA ("We're thinking of doing a switch on the grippe—this is just a working title, the Asian flu"), about a conclave on integration by a group of revivalist preachers. All of these could be effectively lampooned so long as Bruce could pretend the people involved talk like booking agents, actors' managers, and hard-bitten publicity men.

Subsequently Bruce's work has taken a more pointedly superior, not to say self-righteous, position. Or to put it another way, Bruce seems to be losing his sense of comic fun. He had one lampoon (Fantasy 7007) about a rather pathetic, small-time comedia innate bad taste, and his ambitions to play the London Palladium. It came very close to straight snobbery. On his recent "Lenny Bruce, American" (Fantasy 7011) he comments on the problems of Bruce on tour and his bouts with small-town life. He suggests one might spend idle afternoons going through the local Woolworth's. Many of us would do just that, I think, and we laugh. But one gets the feeling that neither Bruce nor his audience is conceding that he would actually do anything so square, and the joke is really on those who would.

Bruce remains, nevertheless, a very talented man. His terse burlesque of Shelley Berman—a grating falsetto squeal, followed by a high-pitched "Buttermilk!"—is almost brilliant.

An LP by a young man named Hugh Romney, preposterously called "Third Stream Humor" (World Pacific 1805), is a confirmation of the size of Bruce's talent, for Romney spends at least part of his time on Bruce-like hyperboles, and he is neither very good at it nor very funny. Romney spends the rest of his time in monologues excessively sprinkled with hip talk. He is not first to bring this sort of thing night clubs; the late comedian who called himself "Lord Buckley" (who can be heard on World Pacific 1279) used a kind of anachronistic, 1938 jive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argot and outlook as virtually his sole technique.

Romney, according to the blurb on the back-liner of his record, began his career reading "beat poetry" to jazz in East Coast coffeehouses. That game long ago began to bore the customers, and Romney's solution was to turn from verses to hippy's comedy. A similar turn was made by John Brent, who is involved with Del Close in "How to Speak Hip" on Mercury (OCM 2205). The LP comes complete with a double-fold cover and an eight-page glossary, and it is a sort of brief review sketch stretched quite beyond the point of profit. It also is impossible to tell whether Brent and Close are (a) serious, (b) proselytizing for some vaguely conceived beat cause, or (c) trying to be funny.

Once the record gets past its exposition of the hipster's vocabulary and on to some "field trips" around New York, there are several promising vignettes. There is the story about the hipster who one evening gets a sudden craving for raspberry gelatin but, with slight paranoia, dares not eat more than three dishes of it in any given restaurant lest the proprietor call the cops to "come get the nut" who keeps ordering the Jello. The hipster works his way from East 40th to East 67th Street, allowing himself just two dishes of wiggling raspberry goo in every Riker's and Bickford's eatery along the way.

I am sure that Mr. Brent would consider me a pedant for saying so, but his account of the hipster speech is not always accurate. For example, he is wrong about what a riff is. Riff, of course, is a jazz musician's more or less technical term and, according to Brent, speaking hip is a matter of adopting the vocabulary of "the musicians." It is not that, really. The vocabulary is, originally and largely, the slang of a large segment of urban American Negroes. White hippies and borderline beats have adopted it and practice its innately loose terminology with a grim conformity. But when these same hippies and borderline beats put this stuff on a night club stage and record it on an LP as comedy, they often echo the worst aspects of old-time minstrelry.

Things need not be thus, of course. And humor is not, as some current commentators would have it, always a disguised hostility. Humor may even hold a kind of grudging respect. Try, for example, the famous burlesque encounter between a square disc jockey and a musician on "The Interview" (Fantasy 7001). It is painfully accurate, it is devastatingly skillful, it is hilarious, it is very nearly a work of low comic art. —MARTIN WILLIAMS.

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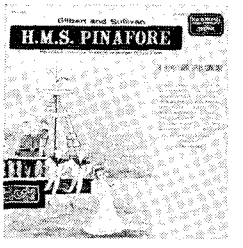

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THE AMEN CORNER

The Street Where We Lived

JUST about thirty years ago, West 52nd Street in New York City, especially the soiled brownstone block between 5th and 6th Avenues, began to enjoy a decade as the most crucial street in jazz history. It was here that there gathered a more varied collection of jazz talents than were ever clustered within anything like the narrow confines of the area; and, since it was in Manhattan, the wave radiation was international. The whole eruption was spurred by the ending of Prohibition, and it began to subside with World War II—at which point the outstandingly original jazz minds were moving away from the "swing" mannerisms and into experiments that were not exactly crowd-pleasers. The "swing" that had been dominant in 52nd Street was yielding, among the bellwethers, to the "be-bop" which has contributed so much to vigorous subsequent jazz.

But that is not to say that 52nd Street "swing" did not include a great deal of glowing, uniquely valuable music. And now Epic records offer a splendid memento of the time and place, a four-LP album, "Swing Street," which contains sixty-four tracks recorded from 1933 to 1943 by men and women who gave midtown Manhattan a syncopated eminence it may well never achieve again. (Epic SN 6042). The records are accompanied by a redolent essay from the fond and knowing pen of Charles Edward Smith.

I cannot play these discs without a shimmer of personal memories, but the best of the music still shines, nostalgia to one side. Here are the scintillating Spirits of Rhythm – guitar, tipples, string bass, and suitcase (I took my seventy-five-year-old father to his first jazz joint to hear Teddy Bunn's economical guitar and Leo Watson's droll, slippery, trombonish scat-singing). The Spirits are followed by four of the finest small-band, shirt-sleeve efforts ever recorded—"The Eel," "Home Cooking," "Tennessee Twilight," "Madame Dynamite"—with Max Kaminsky, cornet; Floyd O'Brien, trombone; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Bud Freeman, tenor sax; Joe Sullivan or Alex Hill, piano; Eddie Condon, guitar; Artie Bernstein, bass; and Sid Catlett, drums. A triple obeisance to them all. Then there are delights with Stuff Smith at the hot fiddle and Jonah Jones on the trumpet; Red McKenzie lifts his adenoidal and endearing voice (was there ever such conquering schmalz?); and trumpeter Wingy Mannone presents his raw and jubilant "Isle of Capri" and 'Nickel in the Slot."

Frank "Snake Brains" Froeba's record of "The Music Goes 'Round And Around"—the most sensational of all 52nd Street theme songs—cannot be expected to convey the visual wonder and hysteria of watching Mike Rei pervert the trombone as the tune was played (the sound eventually emerged between his legs), but we are at least reminded of what a gala pianist Froeba could be. With trumpeter Frankie Newton we get into some very select, pithy small-band playing, featuring such assistants as Edmond Hall, clarinet, and the controlled, cogent alto saxophonist, Pete Brown.

The album offers the piano playing of Thomas "Fats" Waller, Art Tatum, Teddy Wilson, and Clarence Profit. Clarinetist Joe Marsala is on hand and his brother Marty, trumpet. There is a bit—altogether too little—of trumpeter Bunny Berrigan. The highly polished small ensemble of John Kirby, a post-graduate school following Fletcher Henderson College, is well represented, and with them, Maxine Sullivan sings her famously delicate "Loch Lomond." Mildred Bailey's voice is heard, and Jack Teagarden's trombone, and Bobby Hackett's trumpet. Among such lyric performers it is a jolt and a rocking pleasure to hear Slim Gaillard and Slam Stewart—guitar, vibraphone, bass, vocals, and unknown support—expound the rhythmic fundamentalism of "F Foot Floogie." The crux of the matt here, of course, is not merely the wallop of the rhythm, but the comic iron with which it is projected.

With the fourth and last of the LPs, 52nd Street begins to give hints of the jazz of later periods. Enter Billie Holiday's freedom of vocal phrasing, and tenor saxophonist Lester Young's fluid emancipation from the bar lines (in performances with Count Basie's orchestra). Here, finally, is the brilliantly chromatic invention of Dizzy Gillespie on the trumpet. With such musicians, jazz was leaving 52nd Street and putting behind its previous rhythmic, melodic, and harmonic dispositions. But just as certain streets of New Orleans, Chicago, and Harlem may be said to symbolize the early years of jazz, so 52nd Street stands for the "swing" era. It was a bandstand for many of the best small combinations, and in Count Basie it had the finest of the large groups particularly identified with "swing" (the Ellington music was much more varied in style). The new album —and I have merely touched on parts of it—gives a remarkable sense of the Street, and tells us again that chan in the arts is not to be correlated w improvement, that Slim and Slam's "Flat Foot Floogie" was an absolute value in 1938 and remains such in 1962. Praise be for that.

—WILDER HOBSON.

You

By John Tagliabue

DECK out
the Decalogue
said the tipsy Captain to the Scrubbing Sailors;
the waves insisted on knocking them down;
the air insisted on caressing them and singing
to them,
the fish insisted on nibbling at them like dreams,
the Magna Carta and the Carta Geographica and the
Maget Wheel
insisted on following them, so everytime they came up
spouting
they were all nationalistic, humanistic and above all
Transcendental Misfits. Their fitful dancing late
at night
on the Waters of the World like the Belly of Creation
aroused Gossip. Theologians predicted. But when they
Returned Home
with Mermaids or Pearls or Treasures in their High Hands
everyone hoped to go too. This being the case
they became the Rulers
that are now seen sitting on any Cliff like the
Title above a Poem.

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The Reliable Dutch

By OLIVER DANIEL

THE PRINCIPAL European music publishing centers have traditionally been located in Germany, Austria, Italy, and France, and to a lesser extent in England. Since publishers in these respective countries have concentrated primarily on their native sons, composers in smaller countries such as Holland and Belgium have found it necessary to form societies for the purpose of promoting, publishing, and recording their works.

One of the most active of these is Donemus, the society for "Documentation in the Netherlands for Music." It has published a remarkable collection of contemporary Dutch works and is now distributing recordings of these in a subscription series. Four records with scores and excellent annotations are available for $20 from the music publisher C. F. Peters (373 Park Avenue outh, New York). The current series includes performances by Amsterdam's Concertgebouw Orchestra, the Utrecht Philharmonic, and the Netherlands Chamber Choir.

The composers, new to most American listeners, include Daniel Ruyneman, Peter Schat, Jan Mul, Alphons Diepenbrock, Oscar van Hemel, and Bertus Van Lier. Appropriately, however, the first recording is devoted to music of one of the great Netherlanders of the past, Jan Pieterzoon Sweelinck, born four centuries ago.

Sweelinck was one of the most skilful masters of his time and for those who have not discovered him this disc and others, including a current release of organ works played by E. Power Biggs, will be a revelation. The Donemus recording offers several different samples of his creative output, including ingenious harpsichord variations on a popular tune of his day, "Mein junges Leben hat ein End!" This is ably played by harpsichordist Janny van Wering, who is also an ardent exponent of contemporary music for the instrument. Piet Kee, a superlative organist who appeared in America in 1961, plays veelinck's elaborate Fantasia Chromatica with clarity and restraint.

In addition to these two instrumental works, the disc contains a chanson, "Tu as tout seul, Jan, Jan"; a madrigal "Madonna con quest' Occhi," which in style as well as text shows a strong Italian influence; a short motet, "Ecce Virgo"; and two Psalms. The setting of the Psalms was a lifetime undertaking of Sweelinck's; the first set appeared in 1604, the last posthumously in 1621.

The Netherlands Chamber Choir conducted by Felix de Nobel is one of the most distinguished choirs in Holland. It consists of seventeen singers, who sing more chastely than their American counterparts led by Robert Shaw or Roger Wagner. The repertoire of the Netherlands Chamber Choir is noteworthy. It has not only revived neglected music by Sweelinck and other early Netherland masters, but has introduced much contemporary music as well, including works by Bertus van Lier (1906) whose Second Piano Sonata and Three Old Persian Quatrains are included on the fourth record.

Imaginative, too, is the scoring of a work by Daniel Ruyneman, a composer of the older generation having been born in 1886. His "Hieroglyphen," composed in 1918, calls for three flutes, celesta, harp, piano, two mandolins, two guitars, and bells. Ruyneman had had made in England a series of chromatically tuned bells with a compass of two and a half octaves, and these were used in the first performance of the work over forty years ago. During the bombardment of Rotterdam, they were destroyed, and Ruyneman had to substitue a vibraphone for the set of bells. His gamelan effects are similar to those achieved by Colin McPhee and Lou Harrison.

Coupled with Ruyneman is one of the youngest and most gifted Dutch composers. He is Peter Schat (1935), a young man who caused a bit of a stir at the International Rostrum of Composers in Paris a year ago. He wades gently into twelve-tone procedures, and in his Improvisations and Symphonies for Wind Quintet, which is included here, he leaves room for actual improvising by the performers.

The two composers who receive the full orchestral treatment are Jan Mul (1911) and Alfons Diepenbrock (1862-1921). The latter's music derives largely from Wagner and Debussy, but it is affecting music and worthy of more attention than it receives. This series can be a decided addition to anyone's collection of contemporary music.

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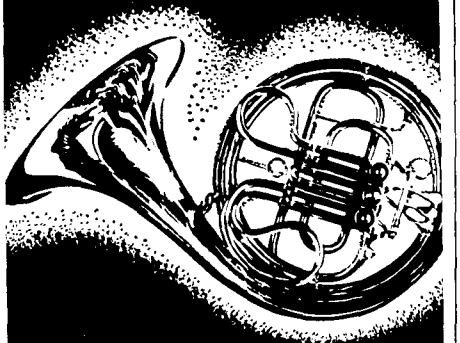

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Philharmonic

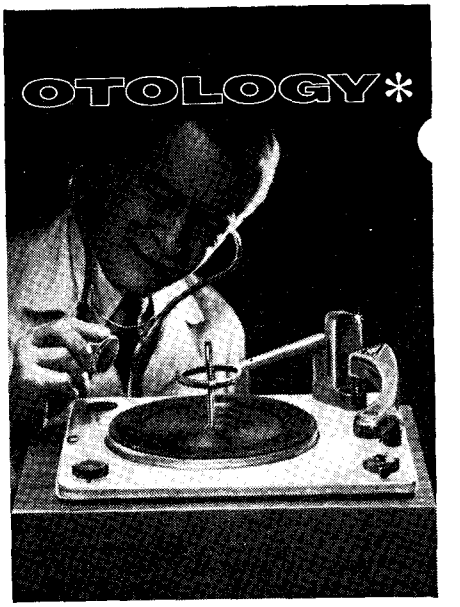
Continued from page 46

point was contained in a letter to the *New York Times* of October 21 by Seymour Solomon, whose engineering of Vanguard records has given them a high reputation for excellence. Solomon wrote: "Especially this [lack of warmth] seems to be due to a frequency response which apparently attenuates the mid and low bass regions of the orchestra. . . . This, in technical terms, would indicate a resonance peak somewhere in the neighborhood of 80 to 100 cycles." From other evidence of the same concert (Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra with Isaac Stern as soloist), Solomon judged "the suppression of low frequencies in the auditorium starts from about 400 cycles on down to the low bass regions." As for the highs, the "over-sharp . . . quality of the trumpets . . . might be explained by a peak in the mid-high frequency range, say between 2,000 and 5,000 cycles. In short, to my ears, the auditorium seems to deviate from smooth frequency response by rolling off mid and low bass, and by a peak in the mid-high frequencies."

I would agree with this analysis as extending the impressions conveyed (in *SR*, October 6, 13) in my own comments following the opening concert. Further, it expresses a consensus among those whose listening habits permit them to equate "live" with recorded sound. And it puts a precise finger of factual reference on the conditions that currently obtain in Philharmonic Hall.

OF all the varied opinions expressed by musicians and the musically knowing, strongest suspicion of blame is directed at the stage flooring (which, as previously mentioned, was not in place and hence not a factor in the tuning period). It is composed of narrow strips of wood, chemically treated to be fireproof. Merely to walk on it, or tap a shoe toe against, gives back the feeling that as well as being fire-resistant it is resonance-resistant. Such a lack of response to the sound of the instruments (cellos and basses) which rest on it, even if separated from it by "risers," and direct their sound against it could seriously affect the bass response.

What, then, are the possible lines of corrective procedure? On page 526 of his book Beranek says: "In the present state of the acoustical craft, it is possible to predict accurately the required cubic volume, the area to be allowed for the seating, the general shape and basic proportions of the hall, the dimensions of the stage, the allowable amounts of carpet and other absorptive materials, and the basic acoustical de-



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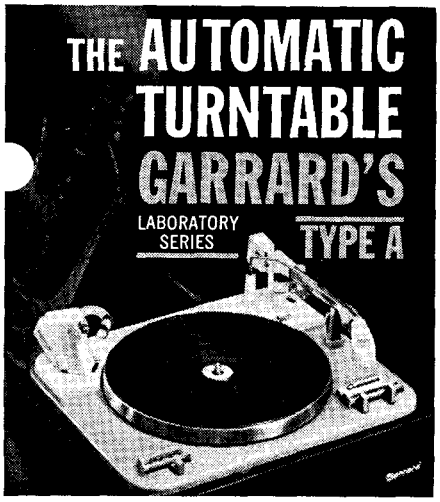

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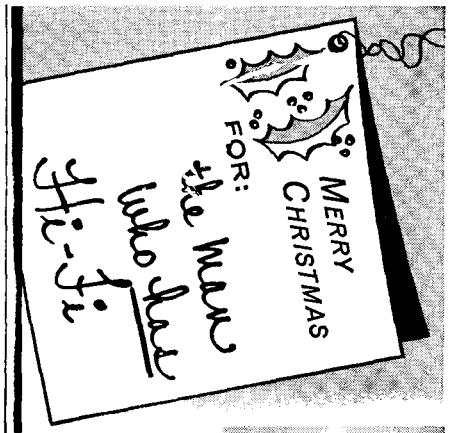
sign for a reflecting canopy. . . . Acoustics has not yet developed a way to determine, accurately and in advance, the specifications for the fine details—the orientation of the reflecting panels around the stage, the exact height and proportion of open area of the canopy, the angles of the individual panels in the canopy or around the stage."

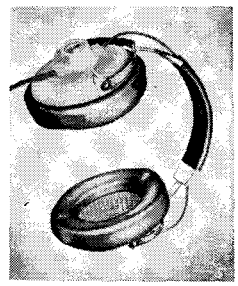
But one factor bearing precisely on the subject of bass response is stated as axiomatic on page 538: "Preservation of the bass requires that there be virtually no thin wood in the hall—even 800 square feet of ¼ inch plywood *can almost completely remove the bass* [italics added]." A query to the author amplifies this as follows: Plywood, being thin, would permit the bass sound to escape rather than being confined. But if 800 square feet of such material would have so drastic a result, could not the stage floor—an expanse of 2,050 square feet as quoted for the specifications of Philharmonic Hall on page 524—perform another function equally drastic if it failed to vibrate the sound from the pins of the celli and basses? Even the use of risers, or platforms for these instruments, does not seem to deal with the problem satisfactorily.

It all recalls a conversation with London Record's celebrated recording engineer, Arthur Haddy (*SR*, July 28, 1951). Discussing the choice of places in which to record, he said, "Even a footfall on the floor can give you a good idea of how music will sound." Illustrating his point in a nearby studio, he explained that part of it had been bombed out. Leading the way to one side, he tapped his foot on the floor: "Listen," he said. "Pitch pine. Hear how warm, even and resonant the vibrations are." This was the original flooring. In another area, he repeated the action: "We had to use oak for this, because pitch pine wasn't available." The sound was unmistakably higher, dryer, less resonant. "It doesn't matter here," said Haddy, "because we don't use this stage for recording. But in a hall it could be disastrous."

PLAINLY, then, trial and error remain a final indispensable recourse in the whole procedure. When all the trial has been completed, it must be assumed that the error will be recognized, admitted, and corrected—even if this includes revision of some conceptions, alterations of some procedures now considered canons of the acoustical faith, part of a new mythology to replace the old.

It should hardly be necessary to observe that the magnitude of the undertaking, the success of the work accomplished in the architectural phase, make inadmissible the defense of theory at the expense of result.





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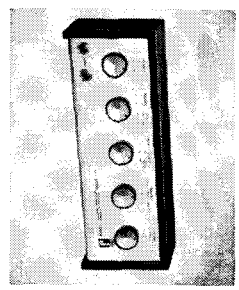

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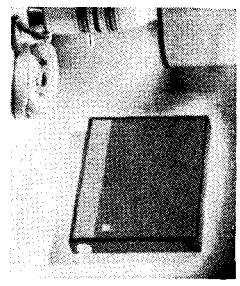

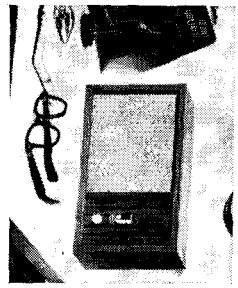

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

COPLAND'S "CONNOTATIONS"

IRVING KOLODIN's review of the Copland "Connotations" [*SR*, Oct. 6] appeared to me to be somewhat circumscriptive. I have before me the London *Times* for September 16, containing Lord Boothby's literary portrait of the late Sir Thomas Beecham, in which the author described to Sir Thomas a certain very modern composition as being "a cacophony of raucous dissonance which faithfully reflects the desperate age in which we live."

Mr. Kolodin wrote much regarding the new Philharmonic Hall's acoustics and it will be interesting to learn whether "Connotations" will be repeated when acoustical science has finally triumphed.

GREGORY KRESHOVER.

Saratoga, Calif.

CONTRA "CONCERT" RECORDINGS

I CAN'T HELP wondering if other record collectors are disgruntled, as I am, with the ever-growing tendency of the record companies to record their popular, folk, and jazz artists in "concert." The philosophy seems to be that the addition of applause, cheering, laughter, and general commotion by an audience, together with explanations, asides, and even mistakes by the performer, gives the session immedi and atmosphere. I agree that this may true, to a degree, with the first and perhaps second hearing; but with each successive listening these "extras" become increasingly distracting and eventually very irritating.

It is my own feeling that this method of recording cheapens the performance with an effect of novelty and diminishes the long-term value to the purchaser.

EUGENE MUMAW.

Muncie, Ind.

HUME ON FORT WORTH

TODAY WE RECEIVED our copy of your fine magazine, and read the article by Paul Hume about the Van Cliburn contest [*SR*, Oct. 27].

It was a great disappointment to us all that the name of Marilyn Neeley was not mentioned once in the article, although she was winner of the fifth prize. Seventh, eighth, and ninth winners were mentioned, and the seventh even had his picture shown!

Marilyn Neeley is one of the finest young pianists in America, and as she was the American next to Votapek to win a prize, we strongly feel that she should have been mentioned.

JOHN DE KEYSER.

Hollywood, Calif.

PAUL HUME, in his report on the Van Cliburn competition in Fort Worth, errs when he writes that "The Dallas press ignored the contest to a degree that surpasses most records for provincialism."

The Dallas *Times Herald* covered the

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event fully with as much thoroughness as any Fort Worth newspaper, at least the musical if not the social end of it.

Our music critic, Eugene Lewis, filed five lengthy columns during the competition, and relied otherwise upon full wire coverage that was obtainable. Our city desk interviewed the Russians as they arrived at Dallas Love Field on their way to the competition. In addition, our editorial page carried an editorial congratulating Fort Worth on its initiative in originating this international contest.

I suggest that Mr. Hume should check more thoroughly before writing. He has done Dallas an injustice.

FELIX R. MCKNIGHT,
Executive Editor,
Dallas *Times Herald.*

Dallas, Tex.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In response to this letter (and another at greater length from John Rosenfield, amusements critic of the Dallas* Morning News) *Hume observes: "I was in Fort Worth from September 27 through October 7. During that time I read the Dallas* News *every day, and searched every inch of its Sunday edition on September 30 for any news of the Cliburn competition. Sunday the 30th, was the midpoint of the competition. At no time did I find any notice or story about the contest, and the officials of the competition in Fort Worth assured me that this was, and had been consistently, their Dallas viewpoint. . . ."*

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TURECK AND BACH

I ALWAYS READ your "Recording Reports," with great interest and respect and usually find little fault with these reviews and the statemnts of the Recordings Editor. However, in the October 27 issue I was greatly surprised and annoyed with one statement.

The particular statement I am referring to is in regard to the recent recording of Rosalyn Tureck playing Bach keyboard music. You stated, "I don't suppose there has been so good a Bach player since Harold Samuel, but he was able to communicate his enthusiasm as well as his knowledge—a distinction presently lacking with Miss Tureck." I disagree in part. I, too, freely admit to the peculiar dryness and lack of spirit or vitality which Miss Tureck feels toward this music and seems to invest it with, and cannot agree to this type of interpretation; however, I do not feel that this is due to her immersion in this particular music.

As to the part of the statement regarding Bach players, which I must disagree with in toto, I agree that Harold Samuel's art was indeed high and worthy of admiration, but there have been other great worthy players and interpreters of the keyboard music of Bach since Mr. Samuel's time, the greatest of these being Dr. Harriet Cohen, CBE, of London, and then Mr. Gunnar Johansen, currently residing in Wisconsin, and I will include the more romantic (to me) playing of Bach of James Friskin.

Might I suggest you listen to the recordings of the above mentioned and see if you don't find most of the qualities you find lacking in the playing of Miss Tureck, and that these performers even exceed!

DONALD N. ENDICOTT.

Chicago, Ill.

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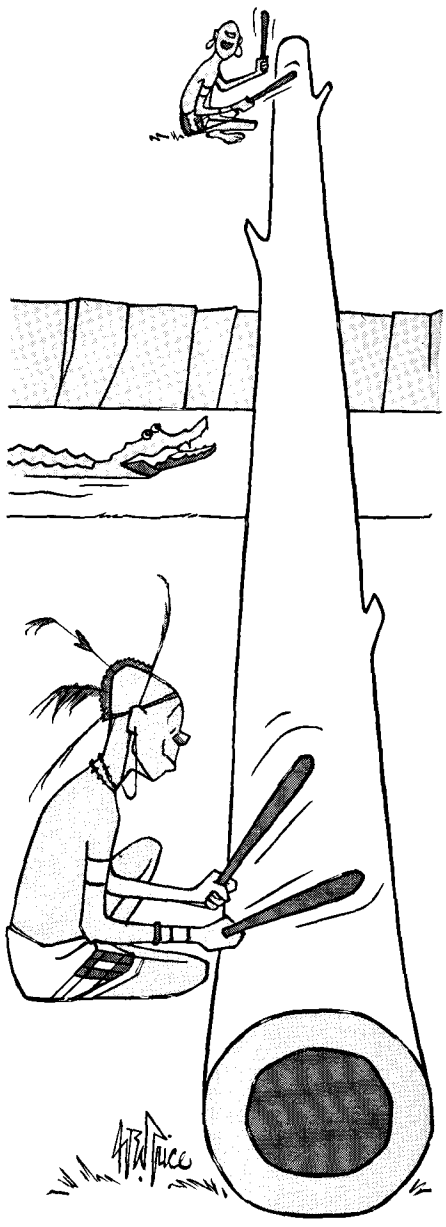

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1495

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

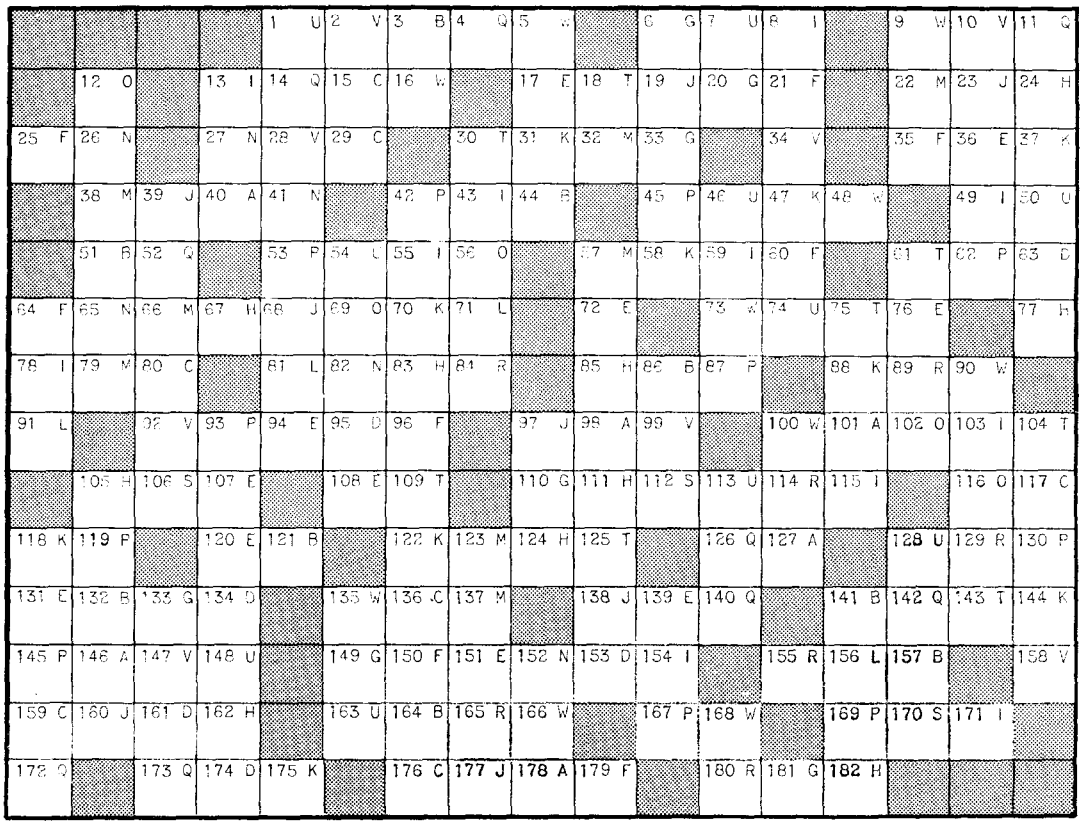
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Business aside, as during general conversation.	146 127 101 40 98 178
B. Figurative expression for constant hospitality (2 wds.).	3 141 157 44 132 86 164 51 121
C. Ceased to function (2 wds.).	15 117 136 176 159 80 29
D. Grow smaller.	161 174 63 134 153 95
E. Current phrase, specifying (persons or things) of supreme importance (3 wds.).	17 107 76 139 36 151 94 108 120 72 131
F. Great male star of the last Czar's Imperial Ballet (1890-1950).	25 150 35 64 60 179 96 21
G. Humble creature, valuable to robins and in loosening and aerating the soil.	33 133 6 149 181 20 110
H. Russian sect which denied governmental authority, refused military duty, etc.	162 111 24 77 85 182 105 67 124 83
I. Repeatedly (comp.).	8 13 43 115 103 78 154 49 55 59 171
J. Open cases for firearms (2 wds.).	19 160 39 68 177 97 23 138
Distinguishing characteristic of the palmate birds (2 wds.).	175 31 122 144 58 118 88 47 70 37

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Pilgrimage by a Moslem to Mecca.	156 91 71 81
M. See Word S (2 wds.).	38 66 57 79 123 32 137 22
N. Thickset; lumpy.	27 152 82 65 26 41
O. European yellowhammer.	12 116 69 56 102
P. Carry away (something that doesn't belong to one; 3 wds.).	167 145 93 119 130 45 169 87 62 42 53
Q. Large dark spot on a nearby planet thought to be vegetation (3 wds.).	14 11 140 52 173 126 172 142 4
R. Front poge news of space program, July, 1962.	180 114 129 155 84 89 165
S. Followed by Word M, beyond fixed limits, in behavior, a game, etc.	170 106 112
T. Study of words which may be confused in meaning.	30 109 18 143 75 125 61 104
U. Great Danish astronomer, 16th cent., who rejected Copernican system (2 wds.).	1 148 128 7 74 163 50 54 113 46
V. Well-known constructor and editor of British Crosswords (full name).	28 147 10 99 158 34 92 2
W. Past time.	16 168 9 48 5 90 73 135 166 100

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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JANUARY

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

FEBRUARY

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28		

MARCH

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24/31	25	26	27	28	29	

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